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The Illustrated English Readers.

THE ILLUSTRATED
ENGLISH READER,
THIRD BOOK.

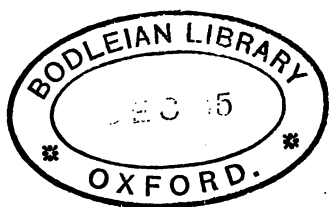
WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS



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PREFACE.

1. Syllables are of two kinds—namely, open syllables and closed syllables.

2. An *open syllable* is one that ends in a vowel ; as, *me, no, fate, fire, fume.*

3. A *closed syllable* is one that ends in a consonant ; as, *rob, fan.*

4. Every word of more than one syllable has one at least of its syllables accented.

5. The *accented syllable* is the one pronounced with the greatest force ; as, *pa'-per, av'-ar-ice.*

6. Every vowel except *w* may form a syllable, either by itself or in combination with one or more consonants.

7. Every vowel in an accented syllable, except *w*, has at least two regular sounds.

8. The first or *name sound*, is heard in open syllables ; as, *fa'-tal, pe'-nal, fi'-nal, to'-tal, fu'-ry.*

9. The second or *shut sound*, is heard in closed syllables ; as, *par'-don, fen'-der, tim'-ber, for'-mer, bun'-dle.*

10. Both the name sounds and the shut sounds of these vowels may be pronounced long or short.

11. Besides their two regular sounds, *a* and *o* have an irregular sound, heard in *fall, bought, &c.* This sound of *a* occurs only before *ll, lk, lt, u*, and before or after *w* ; as *tall, talk, laud, law, warm, thou, now.*

12. Besides the two regular sounds of *o* and *u*, each of these vowels has an irregular sound, heard in *move, full.* It also frequently happens that the second or shut sound of *o* falls into the shut sound of *u* ; as, *son, came.*

13. The vowels *e* and *i* having, in foreign languages, and even in old English, sounds differing from the regular sounds above defined, *e* is often made to do duty for *a*, and *i* for *e*; as, *veil*, *marine*.

14. To a certain extent the converse of 6 is true—namely, that the number of vowels in a word indicates the number of its syllables; as, *in-com-pre-hen-sib-il-ity*.

15. This is really true of words containing diphthongs as well as of words ending in what is usually called silent *e*; as, *fair*, *fare*; *hear*, *here*; *boar*, *bo're*; *fiery*, *fire*, *du'es*, *use*. In these words the unaccented vowels have become so faintly pronounced as to be inaudible; but these two modes of spelling are perfectly regular, and perfectly in conformity with the genius of the language.

16. The pronunciation of the unaccented final *e* in German prose, and in French poetry, shows a reason for regarding such words as dissyllables in English.

17. Such words as *so'ul*, *bl'ow*, *ca'ul*, *dra'wl*; *th'ou*, *no'w*, *ti'le*, *bo'y*, are all dissyllables in which the unaccented vowel is more or less absorbed by the sound of the accented vowel.

18. The names of the letters *h*, *w*, *z*, should be pronounced *hay*, *oo*, *iz*, instead of *aitch*, *double u*, *zed*, for which there is abundant authority.

19. The vowel *w*, whose pronunciation is nearly equivalent to *oo*, combines, with the vowel or the letter *h* which follows it; as, *wail*, *war*, *w-eak*, *w-ent*, *w-ise*, *w-ish*, *w-ore*, *w-orse*, *w-hale*, *w-hat*, *w-wheel*, *w-here*, *w-hile*, *w-hip*, *w-horl*—in all which words the *w* or *oo* sound may be easily distinguished.

20. When the accent mark is placed immediately after a vowel, it indicates that the syllable is open, and that the vowel has its first or name sound; as, *sa'ving*.

21. When the accent mark is placed after the consonant, it indicates that the syllable is closed, and that the vowel has its second, or shut sound; as, *hav'ing*.

22. When the accent mark is placed after a vowel having a curve above it, such vowel has its shut sound; as, *nā-tion-al*, *con-dē-tion*.

23. When two or more vowels occur together in the same syllable, the accent mark indicates the vowel which must be pronounced; as, *réad*, *rěad*, *hedrt*, *thiéf*, *re-céive*, *thó'ugh*, *nó'w*, *cá'ught*, *dá'wn*.

24. Attention to the above definitions will remove many of the difficulties encountered by the varieties of spelling of words now apparently with similar sounds, and in the initiatory stages of instruction it would be profitable for the Teacher to pronounce such words as *a'il*, *a'le*; *pa'in*, *pa'ne*, with a slight difference so as to give an idea of which word was meant.

25. The sounds of *á* and *ô* heard in the words *caul*, *drawl*; *thou*, *now*; *toil*, *boy*, being very general in combination with the vowels which here follow them, it has not been considered necessary to use the circumflex accent to distinguish them in the columns at the head of the lessons.

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THE ENGLISH READER.

THIRD BOOK.

SECTION I.

I.—SUMMER SONG OF THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

Beau'-ti-ful, pleasing to the eye, lovely.	Gem, precious stone.
Bi'nd-weed, convolvulus.	Glad'-ness, joy.
Bou'gh, branch of a tree.	Jew'-els, precious stones, gems.
Bril'-liant, dazzling, brightly shining.	Lux'-u-ry, richness.
Brooks, streamlets, rills.	Per'-fumes, fragrance, sweet scent.
Clus'-ters, bunches.	Plé'-as-ant, agreeable, grateful.
Co'urt-ly, royal.	Tran'-quil, peaceful, quiet.
En'-vy, grief for not being like.	Wre'-aths, twisted tendrils or strings.

Wild strawberries grow plentifully in the woods around Paris, and during the months of July and August they are gathered by boys and girls who gain a scanty livelihood by selling them to the hotels, where they are used as desserts and eaten with powdered sugar.

It is summer, it is summer ;
How beautiful it looks,
There is sunshine on the old gray hills,
And sunshine on the brooks,
A singing bird on every bough,
Soft perfumes on the air,
A happy smile on each young lip,
And gladness everywhere.

Oh ! is it not a pleasant thing,
To wander through the woods,
To look upon the painted flowers,
And watch the opening buds ;

Or kneeling in the deep cool shade,
At some tall ash-tree's root,
To fill my little basket,
With the sweet and scented fruit.



They tell me that my father's poor ;
That is no grief to me,
When such a blue and brilliant sky
My up-turned eye can see.
They tell me too that richer girls
Can sport with toy and gem ;
It may be so, and yet methinks
I do not envy them.

When forth I go upon my way,
A thousand toys are mine,

The clusters of dark violets,
 The wreaths of the wild vine.
 My jewels are the primrose pale,
 The bindweed, and the rose,
 And show me any courtly gem
 More beautiful than those.

And then the fruit, the glowing fruit,
 How sweet the scent it breathes,
 I love to see its crimson cheek,
 Rest on the bright green leaves.
 Summer's own gift of luxury,
 In which the poor may share,
 The wild wood fruit my eager eye
 Is seeking everywhere.

Oh! summer is a pleasant time,
 With all its sounds and sights,
 Its dewy mornings, balmy eves,
 And tranquil calm delights.
 I sigh when first I see the leaves
 Fall yellow on the plain,
 And all the winter long I sing,
 "Sweet summer, come again."

MARY HOWITT.

"Painted flowers," so called because they are coloured by the light from the sun.

DICTATION.

NOTE.—In every lesson the pupil must look up the meaning of the dictation words in the dictionary.

Bough, bow; through, threw; I, eye; plane, plain; wood, would.

Supply the words omitted in—A bird	Should	learn my lesson.	Falls
on every of a tree. Make a	yellow on the	The joiner	
to him. Go the woods. He	smooths the	with his	I
up his cap. My can see.	like to do so too.		

QUESTIONS.

Is summer a warm or cold season?	a scent?	When do the leaves fall
How many seasons are in the year?	yellow on the plain?	What causes the
Should we envy the rich?	leaves to become yellow and fall	
despise the poor?	Does fruit breathe	the trees?

II.—THE OBEDIENT BOY.

A-wa're, know what they are doing.	O-be'-dient, anxious to do as he was bid.
De-si'ed, requested, asked.	Per-mis'-sion, liberty, leave.
Di-rect'-ly, immediately, with- out delay.	Scald'-ed, burned with the hot tea.
Mis'-chief, harm, evil.	Tra'ined, taught how to act.

THERE was a little boy whose name was Frank. His father and mother were very kind to him, and he loved them. He liked to do whatever they bade him; and he took care not to do anything they desired him not to do. When his father or mother said to him, "Frank, shut the door," he ran directly and did it. When they said to him, "Frank, do not touch that knife," he took his hands away from the knife, and did not touch it. He was an obedient little boy.

One evening, when his father and mother were drinking tea, he was sitting under the table, pulling first one leg of the table and then another. At last he got hold of one of the legs which moved when he pulled it. As he was drawing this leg of the table towards him, his mother said, "Frank, what are you doing?"

He answered, "Mama, I am playing with the leg of the table." But his mother said, "Let it alone, my dear."

Frank took his hands away from the leg of the table, and coming out from under it, said, "Mama, why did you bid me stop playing with the leg of the table?"

His mother showed him that a leaf of the table

rested on the leg which he was moving, and that if he had pulled it much farther the leaf would have fallen down, and that he would have brought the cups, saucers, and tea-pot down upon his own head. "O mama," said he, "I did not think that when I was pulling the leg of the table just for fun I might have been hurt and scalded by the fall of the leaf of the table, and the whole of the tea things."

"This is another lesson to you, Frank," said his mother, "not to meddle with anything in a room, till you get permission; for boys, in meddling things with which they have nothing to do, may do a world of mischief before they are aware. Children are always free to look at every thing around them. Looking can never do any harm. But touching is another matter. Children are badly trained who, on entering a house or garden, take hold of every thing they can reach with their hands."

"World of mischief," a very great deal of harm.

"Badly trained," allowed to do wrong without being re-proved or punished.

DICTATION.

Bad, bade; bean, been; one, won; deer, dear; hole, whole.

Supply the words wanting in—	have	the prize, my	The
Whatever they	him.	hunter shot a	. The
a man.	I have	the tea things.	Bore a
There is a	growing in my garden.	me.	for
He got hold of	of the legs.	You	

QUESTIONS.

What kind of boy was Frank?	most liked? What words in the lessons
What should all boys and girls be?	begin with letters which are not sound-
Why should boys and girls always do	ed? Name some other words which
what their parents bid them? Whe-	begin with a W or K which is not
ther are boys and girls who obey their	sound.
parents, or those who disobey them,	

III.—THE ISLAND EMPIRE.

Ban'-ner, flag.
Bark, ship.
Brand, sword.

Fo'e-man, enemy.
Val'-our, bravery.
Wie'ld, manage, use.

OUR home is on the sea, boy,
Our home is on the sea ;
When nature gave
The ocean wave,
She marked it for the Free.
Whatever storms befall, boy,
Whatever storms befall,
The Island bark
Is Freedom's Ark,
And floats her safe through all.

Behold our British Isles, boy,
Behold our British Isles,
Where every shore
Is sparkling o'er
With Beauty's richest smiles.
For us hath Freedom claimed, boy,
For us hath Freedom claimed,
Those ocean-nests
Where Valour rests
His eagle-wing untamed.

And shall the foeman dare, boy,
And shall the foeman dare,
While British hand
Can wield a brand,
To plant his banner there?
No ! by our fathers, no, boy,
No ! by our fathers, no,
From England's vales
To Scotland's dales,
Our people thunder, " No ! "

MOORE (*slightly altered*).

"Ocean-nests," islands, in which the people live away from other people, as birds in a nest.

"Freedom's Ark," Freedom's place of safety, as Noah's Ark was a place of safety to him, his family, and the animals saved at the flood.

QUESTIONS.

Where is our home? Whose wing is said to be untamed? Who says no foeman shall plant his banner in our	islands? What does the planting of a banner on any place signify?
---	---

IV.—SKIMMED MILK.

Con'-quered, prevailed.
Da'in-ties, niceties in food.
Gen'-er-ous, bountiful, liberal.
Grasped, took hold of.
Hast'-ened, went quickly.

Mor'-al, good lesson.
Self'-ish-ness, evil self-love.
Tramp, one who wanders about without a home.

Mrs. DOGOOD once dreamed that a poor man came to her door and begged a drink of milk. Always ready to do a kindly deed, she hastened to the cellar, but with housewifely thrift was about to skim the milk before taking it to him, when a voice seemed to whisper in her ear, "Give him cream and all." For a moment there was an inward struggle. "Skimmed milk is good enough for a tramp like him," said selfishness; but the good angel conquered, and the great bowl covered with golden cream was carried to the thirsty beggar. If the good woman craved any reward for her generous deed, she had it at once in the poor man's grateful look as his brown hands grasped the tempting bowl; and it was with real regret that she waked to find it only a dream.

But the dream has a moral. How many of our best deeds are spoiled by having the cream taken off? The most princely gift, if given with an unloving heart, is to the giver at least nothing but skimmed milk. And the same is true of all good deeds done only from a desire to obtain the praise of men. The lady who loads the little beggar at the door with the richest dainties of her table, but gives no loving smile or friendly word, gives after all, but skimmed milk to the hungry child.

Love is the golden cream of all good deeds, and without it they are at best only skimmed milk.

Blessed are they who from great gain
Give thousands with a reasoning brain;
But holier still shall be his part
Who gives one coin with pitying heart!

The Christian at Work.

DICTATION.

Cellar, seller; bowl, boll; off, of; heart, hart; praise, prays; done, dun.

Supply the words omitted in—She hastened to the . . . The grocer is a . . . of tea and sugar. Give him the . . . of cream. He bought a . . . of meal. Take . . . your hat. The top	the hill. His . . . is sore. The . . . was shot by me. He gets . . . for his kindness. The pious man . . . for blessings on all. The . . . cow has . . . good service in giving us her milk.
--	--

QUESTIONS.

Are all beggars deserving of aid? Which kind of beggars should be helped? If you never before saw the beggar who asks an alms, can you tell whether he is deserving or no? Whether should we aid poor neighbours whom we know, or beggars who are strangers to us? If poor people whom we know will not work when they can,	but go in dirt and rags, would you call them deserving or undeserving poor? In the word "enough," <i>ough</i> sounds as if it were spelled <i>uf</i> ; name other words spelled in a similar manner. Which letter might be left out in spelling <i>heart</i> without affecting the sound of the word?
---	--

V.—DESERVE IT.

Chi'mes, sounds.
De-ser've, merit.
Droop, bend down.
El'e-ments, first principles.
Ex-ists, is still.
Im-ped'i-ments, hindrances.

Knell, funeral chime.
Ob-ser've, notice.
Pra'te, talk.
Suc'-cess, prosperity.
Wa'il, lament.

NE'ER droop your head upon your hand,
And wail the bitter times ;
The self-same bell that tolls a knell
Can ring out merry chimes.
And we have still the elements
That made up fame of old ;
The wealth to prize within us lies,
And not in senseless gold.
Yes, there exists a certain plan,
If you will but observe it,
That brings success to every man :—
The secret is—DESERVE IT.

What use to stand by Fortune's hill,
And idly sigh and mope ;
Its sides are rough, and steep enough,
'Tis true ; but if you hope
To overcome impediments
That rudely stop your way,
Go boldly on, strike at the roots,
You'll surely gain the day.
Prate not about new-fangled plans ;
Mine's best, if you'll observe it :—
I say, Success is any man's,
If he will but—DESERVE IT.

“New-fangled plans,” new plans, which are not expected to be good or successful.

DICTIONARY.

Time, thyme ; wail, wale ; bell, belle ; knell, Nell ; rough,
ruff ; rude, rood ; new, knew.

R. III.

B

Supply the words omitted in—It is	is a good girl. The curfew tolls
you were in bed. This is	the of parting day. This is a
a sweet-smelling plant. The boy's	road. Put the round her
back bears the mark of many a	neck. James is a boy. He
The unfortunate the bitter times.	bought a of ground. He
This girl is the of the village. I	me first. Give me a hat.
hear the church sound. My sister	

QUESTIONS.

What can the same bell that tolls a	do when impediments stop your way?
knell ring out? What plan brings suc-	What are you not to prate about?
cess to every man? What must you	

VI.—AMERICAN MANNERS.

Be-to'-kens, shows.	Prac'-tised, imitated.
Con-sid'-er, think over.	Re-spect'-ful, polite.
De-gra'd-ing, lowering.	Re-ta'ined, kept on.
Ig'-no-rance, want of knowledge.	Sat-is-fac'-tor-y, pleasing.
In'-ter-course, meeting together.	Su-pe'-ri-ors, masters or mis-
Po'-ser, puzzling question.	tresses.

A GENTLEMAN living at a short distance from Boston, United States, engaged a servant to work upon his farm, and found his services very satisfactory in all respects except that, when he came into the house, and into his master's room, he always kept his hat on.

In America the people desire to be considered all equal; and even servants refuse to give any tokens of respect to their masters for fear of degrading themselves. This betokens great ignorance; for nothing renders social intercourse more pleasing than by rich and poor being always civil and respectful to one another.

"John," said the gentleman one day to his servant, "you always keep your hat on when you come into the house."

"Well, sir, haven't I a right to?" answered John.

"Yes, I suppose you have."

"Well, if I have a right to, why shouldn't I?"

This was a poser from one man to another, in a country where all have equal rights. So, after thinking a moment, he said, "But, John, what'll you take—how much more wages will you ask—to take off your hat whenever you come into the house, or into my room?"

"Well, that will require some time to consider, I guess."

"Take time to consider it, then, and tell me to-morrow morning."

The morrow comes.

"Well, John, have you considered how much more wages you would desire for taking off your hat?"

"Well, sir, I guess it's worth a dollar a month."

"It's a bargain, then, John; you shall have another dollar a month."

And the gentleman retained a good servant, while John's hat was always in his hand when he entered the house.

American manners are sometimes practised by servants in this country; but, although masters may not bargain to pay a dollar a month to their servants for taking their hats off, yet it is a fact that those servants are most prized, and longest retained, who have learned to be respectful to their superiors.

DICTIONARY.

There, their; right, wright, rite, write; one, won; would, wood; practise, practice.

Supply the words omitted in—I have	is useless. I have	the prize,
been , and still would go. Have	Give him	penny. I not do
you seen new caps. I am	it. The floor is made of	This
glad. The will mend my cart.	is a bad	You should
Can you your name. This	virtue.	

QUESTIONS.

What is the person first mentioned in this lesson called? Where did he live? What did he engage the servant to do? In what respect were his services not satisfactory? What do people in America desire to be considered? Why do servants there refuse tokens of respect to their masters? What	does this betoken? What renders social intercourse between rich and poor most pleasing? What was the servant's name? How much did John ask for taking off his hat before his master? What servants are most prized, and longest retained in all countries?
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VIL.—GONE TO SLEEP.

Ang'-uish, great grief.	Lul'-la-bies, baby songs.
Brief'-ly, shortly.	'ne'ath, under.
Flax-en, fair.	So'ar-ing, flying high.
Lash'-es, hairs on the eyelids.	Ti'-ny, small.

CLOSE the curtains, gently, softly ;
 Shut the golden sunlight out ;
 Bid the children 'neath the window
 Hush their laugh and merry shout ;
 Push aside the snowy cover
 Over which dim shadows creep ;
 Then draw near and gaze in silence—
 Little Minnie's gone to sleep.

Look, those flaxen curls are lying
 Lightly on her brow of white ;
 While the long soft silken lashes
 Close around those orbs of light.
 From the lips but slightly parted,
 See the tiny pearl gems peep,
 While a low voice seems to utter
 " Minnie's only gone to sleep."

Why in sorrow bends the mother
 Fondly o'er her darling now,
 Covering with earnest kisses
 Hand and cheek, and neck and brow ?

Why burst forth those cries of anguish
 Wailings bitter, sobbings deep?
 Let's kneel down and softly whisper,
 "Mother, Minnie's gone to sleep.

"Gone, but not to briefly slumber
 As when here she closed her eyes,
 Whilst thy heart kept time within thee
 To thy soothing lullabies.
 Now no clay holds back the spirit
 Soaring through the upper deep;
 Only to earth's cares and trials
 Has thy loved one gone to sleep."

"Orbs of light," her eyes. "Pearl gems," her teeth. "Upper deep," the regions of the sky, or heaven.

DICTATION.

Clothes, close.

Supply the words omitted in—Put your
 will the door.

in the wardrobe. I

VIII.—THE FLY AND THE ANT.—A FABLE.

Con-dy'-tion, state of life.
 De-li'-cious, very sweet.
 Dig'-ni-fied, noble.
 Fes'-tiv-als, feasts of joy.

For'-feit, penalty.
 Im'-pu-dence, shameless bold-
 ness.

Fables represent beasts, birds, &c., as acting and speaking like persons, and are written to teach moral lessons to young and old. The following fable is to show that people who act like the fly, and play when they should work, will come to poverty and starvation; while those who are diligent and careful like the ant will be able in youth to lay by money to keep them comfortable in their old age.*

THE fly and the ant disputed with much warmth which of them lived the most dignified life, and had the happiest lot.

"Vile crawling insect," said the fly, "how dare you compare your mean birth and hard life with mine? I fly through the air like the birds; I dwell

in the palaces of kings; I enter the most sacred temples; I sit upon their altars; I attend the



grandest festivals; I taste the rarest dishes; I eat and drink the choicest food and wine, without having to labour or to burden myself with the least care for the future. In one word, I enjoy all the pleasures and all the honours which this sunny world of ours can supply. What do you possess which you can compare with such good fortune?"

The ant replied, "Have you then forgotten your own birth, my grand lady? You now fly, it is true; but in the spring of this year you were only a crawling insect too. It becomes you well indeed to

boast of the delicious life you lead ! It is but a life of folly. Besides, you make it a business to live at the expense of others. So by and bye you are likely to die of hunger. Nay, I can foretell that you yet may have to feed on a dunghill. You have, I know, the impudence to thrust yourself forward everywhere ; but you are hated wherever you go. Every one chases you away ; and if you are caught you will pay the forfeit of your life. But look at me ! I live at no one's expense ; I provide for all my own wants ; if I endure a little hardship during the early part of my life, I, in the end, and when my youthful powers begin to fail, enjoy the sweet reward of all my labour, in an old age of peace and plenty. Wait till winter sets in before you prefer your condition to mine. We shall then see which of us has the best cause to be content with her lot. The first frosts will stiffen your limbs and cause you to perish of cold and hunger. Adieu. Go, vain creature and play yourself while the sun shines. I go to lay up my winter's store. You, thinking only of the present hour's enjoyment, will end your life in misery ; I, thinking also of the future will end my days in comfort. Each of us will have our due reward."—*Chambaud's Fables.*

DICTATION.

Air, Ayr, ere, e'er, heir ; so, sow, sew ; know, no ; all, awl ; vain, vane.

Supply the words omitted in—The town of _____ is near the sea. This is the _____ to the estate. I love the fresh _____ . Tell me _____ you go. If _____ you come this way visit me. The girl can _____ well. If you go _____	will I. Farmers _____ their seed in spring. He said _____ when I asked him. I do not _____ what he says. The shoemaker bores leather with an _____ . Give him _____ he asks.
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QUESTIONS.

What did the fly call the ant?	What was the fly to die of? What
What kind of birth and life did the fly	would the fly have to feed on? Was
say the ant had? How was the fly	the fly loved or hated? When the
like birds? Where did the fly dwell?	fly was caught what had it to pay?
What did the fly enter? What did	What did the ant provide for? What
the fly sit on? What did the fly	would be the reward of all its labour?
attend? What did the fly eat and	What did the fly think of? How
drink? What did the fly enjoy?	would its life end? What did the
What did the ant call the fly's life?	ant think of? How would it end its
At whose expense did the fly live?	days?

IX.—FROST-WORK.

Art'-ist, painter.	Fa'-vours, kind deeds.
Bril'-liant, glittering.	Mart, market.
Del'-i-cate, slender.	Mys'-ti-cal, wonderful.
Dim'-ples, slight hollows.	Prat'-tler, talkative child.
E-van'-gels, glad tidings.	Tra'-cer-y, interwoven lines.

A LITTLE one sought me this morning,
 Her blue eyes shining bright,
 While over her cheeks the dimples
 Were playing in changeful light.

"Come to my room," she whispered,
 "A curious thing is there ;
 A painter has been at work all night
 In the cold and shivering air.

He has made a beautiful castle,
 Far up on a mountain high,
 And a forest of old and stately trees,
 With branches that touch the sky.

They are all on my window painted,
 The strange and beautiful things ;
 And the morning sun above them
 A rainbow of glory flings."

I went with the little prattler
 The mystical work to see,
 And in the brilliant sunshine
 Saw the delicate tracery.

For, all night long the artist
 Had silently wrought away,
 And only laid by his pencil
 At the coming in of day.

He had gone, as he came, in silence,
 But his work was left behind ;
 Like the fairies who sent their favours
 By night to the good and kind.

Thus, often the silent worker,
 In the busy mart of time,
 Weaves a life of angel beauty,
 Then soars to a better clime.

And when lip and brow have faded
 In the dust and gloom of death,
 Their memories come to the living,
 Evangels of love and faith.

Oh! teach me, thou beautiful frost-work,
 This useful lesson in life,
 That the web sometimes woven in night-time
 At morning with gems may be rife.

Christian Intelligencer.

X.—MRS. MACCLARTY.

Fash'ed, bothered.
 Grav'-el, small roundish stones.
 In-dul'ged, humoured.
 In'-fan-cy, childhood.
 No'-tions, opinions.

O-be'-dience, doing as bid.
 Pro-po'-sal, intention.
 Re-quest', wishes.
 Stag'-nate, become nasty by
 standing still.

MRS. MACCLARTY had two daughters, Meg and Jean. They had never been trained to obedience from their infancy; and now, although the one was twelve and the other ten years of age, they paid

no attention to their mother's request. She had several times desired them to go to the field for their father, who was a farmer, but neither of them stirred a step.

"Ye'll go, I know, my dear," said Mrs. MacClarty, addressing herself to the younger; "O ay, I know ye'll go, like a good girl, Jean."

Jean looked at her sister and said, "What's to hinder Meg to go? She has as good a right to go as me."

"Go you, then, Meg, and tell your father that Mr. Stewart wishes to see him;" said the fond but foolish mother.

"No; make Jean go. She was told first," was the reply of the lazy sister.

Mrs. MacClarty was ashamed of the small respect paid to her wishes by her too much indulged children, and in order to excuse them, stated "that indeed they never liked to leave her, poor things! they were so bashful; but in time they would do well enough."

"They will never do well if they disobey their mother," said Mr. Stewart; "you ought to teach your children to obey you, for their sakes as well as for your own. Take my word for it, that if you don't, they as well as you will suffer by it. But I daresay it may be better that I should go out to the field myself and see how the farmer's work goes on."

Mrs. MacClarty, glad of his proposal, went to the door to show the way. Mr. Stewart, pointing to a pool of dirty water at the very door step, asked her

why her husband did not fetch some stones from the quarry close by, and fill it up? "People," said he, "who are far from stones and gravel may have some excuse; but you have them within your reach, and by half a day's labour you could have your doors made clean and comfortable. How then have you gone on so long in this condition?" "Indeed, sir," answered Mrs. MacClarty, "the entrance might have been mended many a time, but we always put off. We just couldn't be fashed."

"And cannot you be fashed to go to the end of the house to throw out your dirty water? Don't you see how a small drain would carry it down to the river, instead of lying here to stagnate, and cause an unwholesome smell."

"Oh we are just used to it," said Mrs. MacClarty, "and we never mind. We couldn't be fashed to go so far every time we throw out dirty water."

"But what," returned Mr. Stewart, "will Mrs. Mason think of all this dirt? She has been used to see things in a very different order; and if you will be advised by her, she will put you upon such a method of doing every thing about your house, as will soon make it look so tidy as to greatly increase your health and pleasure."

"Ay," said Mrs. MacClarty, "I always feared she would be too nice for us, she has so many outlandish notions. But we are too old to learn, and we just do well enough."

And so Mrs. MacClarty refused to learn to be cleanly. The disobedience of her children at last

brought ruin on her and on her husband, and the dirt brought disease and death.—*Cottagers of Glenburnie.*

Two, too, to; dear, deer; some, sum.

Supply the words omitted:—I have	hunter shot a	Tell me the
feet. The load is heavy. Go	of these figures.	We have
bed. This is a book. The	bread.	

What had Mrs. MacClarty's children never been trained to? How old were Meg and Jean? What did they pay no attention to? What had their mother desired them to do? Which was first asked? What did she say? When Jean would not go, what did Mrs. MacClarty say to Meg? What did Meg say? How did Mrs. MacClarty excuse her daughters? What did Mr. Stewart say about them? What did he say Mrs. MacClarty should do? What did he say would happen if she did not make them	obey her? When the girls would not go for their father, what did Mr. Stewart say he would do? What did Mr. Stewart see when going out at the door? What did he say her husband should do with the pool of dirty water? What did Mrs. MacClarty answer? What did Mr. Stewart say about the dirty water? What did Mrs. MacClarty answer? What did the disobedience of her children at last bring on Mrs. MacClarty and her husband? What did the dirt bring on them all?
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Con'-quer, overcome.
 Con-tro'l, restraint.
 Co'pe, fight.
 De-fy'-ing, challenging.
 De-spa'ir, hopelessness.

Dis-ma'y, great fear.
 Pas'-sions, evil desires.
 Pro'-verbs, short, pithy sen-
 Re-ly'-ing, trusting. [tences.
 Re-sist', oppose.

It is an old proverb that "Truth is to be found at the bottom of a well," meaning, that before truth can be found we must go to the very bottom of the matter on hand.

WE have faith in old proverbs full surely,
 For wisdom has traced what they tell;
 And Truth may be drawn up as purely
 From them as it may from "a well."
 Let us question the thinkers and doers,
 And hear what they honestly say,
 And you'll find they believe like bold wooers
 In "Where there's a will there's a way."

The hills have been high for man's mounting ;
 The woods have been dense for his axe ;
 The stars have been thick for his counting ;
 The sands have been broad for his tracks ;
 The sea has been deep for his diving ;
 The world has been wide for his sway ;
 But bravely he's proved in his striving
 That " Where there's a will there's a way."

Have ye vices that ask a destroyer,
 Or passions that need your control ?
 Let reason become your employer,
 And your body be ruled by your soul.
 Fight on, though you bleed in the battle,
 Resist with all strength that you may ;
 Ye will conquer sin's host like brute cattle,
 For " Where there's a will there's a way."

Have ye poverty's pinching to cope with ?
 Does suffering weigh down your might ?
 Only call up a spirit to hope with,
 And dawn will come out of the night.
 Oh ! much can be done by defying
 The ghosts of despair and dismay ;
 And much will be gained by relying
 On " Where there's a will there's a way."

Eliza Cook.

DICTATION.

Weigh, way ; might, mite ; full, fool ; hear, here ; high, his soul, sole.

Supply the words omitted in—	glass is	of water. Do you
Please a pound of sugar for me.	me speak ?	The tree once stood
This is the longest. Many a	I have seen a	steeple. He must
grow in old cheese. You	away home. The	never dies. He
me some. This man is a	. The	hurt the
		of his foot.

QUESTIONS.

What have we faith in ? What has wisdom traced ? What may be drawn up from old proverbs ? What do the thinkers and doers believe in ? What should your body be ruled by ? What	will you conquer sin's host like ? When under poverty and suffering, what should you call up ? How will much be done ? How will much be gained ?
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XII.—ILLNESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

An-noun'ce, proclaim.
 Con'-course, gathering.
 Do'me, round roof.
 Ex-am'ple, pattern.
 Ex-pec-ta'-tion, hope.
 Flick'er-ing, fluttering.
 Grat'i-tude, thankfulness.
 Her-o'-ic, brave.

Man'-i-fest, show forth.
 Mem'-o-ra-ble, long remem-
 bered.
 Pi'-e-ty, reverence of God.
 Quench'ed, put out.
 Sur-vi'ed, got better
 Tel'-e-gram, message by tele-
 graph.

IN December, 1871, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, lay smitten by a dreadful fever. For many days the shadow of death seemed to fall across his bed, and, hour by hour, those who stood around expected that the flickering spark of life would be quenched, as had been that of his father—the good Prince Consort—a few years before. Day by day the people of London were in dread expectation that the boom of the great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral would announce that the Prince was dead. Day by day, in every town in Britain, men waited eagerly for the telegrams which told how the fierce struggle between life and death was going on; and as they read the daily messages they seemed to see that sick-bed, and those who watched around it.

Of all the loving watchers, after the Queen-mother herself, there was none to whom all hearts went out in warmer love than to the noble wife of the sick Prince. She was brave and steadfast, scarcely ever leaving his bedside. On that memorable Sabbath-day, when prayer was made for him in all the churches of the land, the Princess stole away for a brief space to church, and sent a simple and touching request to the clergyman that, as she

could not stay for the whole service, a prayer might be made for her husband before she was obliged to leave.

The prayers of the people were heard and answered. The Prince survived; and on the 27th February, 1872, being the festival called "Thanksgiving Day," the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the whole Royal Family, went up to St. Paul's Cathedral—the grandest church in London—to return thanks to God for the Prince's restoration to health. That they were to do this was made known some time beforehand, and people from all parts of Great Britain assembled to manifest their gratitude for his recovery, as well as to show their love and respect for the Prince and Princess, and for their own beloved Queen. The concourse of men and women, of nobility and gentry of every rank and degree, was the grandest ever yet assembled beneath the towering dome of St. Paul's. And there was no one of the royal group on whom the people gazed more proudly and more lovingly than on the young Princess, who had proved herself so true a woman, and had set to the wives and daughters of England so heroic an example of kind-hearted piety and faithful devotion to duty.

"Shadow of death," a phrase used to denote that death was very near.

"Flickering spark of life," a comparison borrowed from the appearance of a spark of fire, which becomes sometimes brighter and sometimes fainter before it finally goes out.

DICTATION.

Heart, hart; read, red; great, grate; few, feu; made, maid; whole, hole; heard, herd.

Supply the words omitted in—Her	on. I got a	apples. The
was sad. The	is in the garden. He	me run.
of deer. He has a	There is a	in his stocking.
you the book? This is a	Give him the	lot. Have you
man. Put a fire in the	the news? I saw a	of
has a cheap	to build his house	cattle.

QUESTIONS.

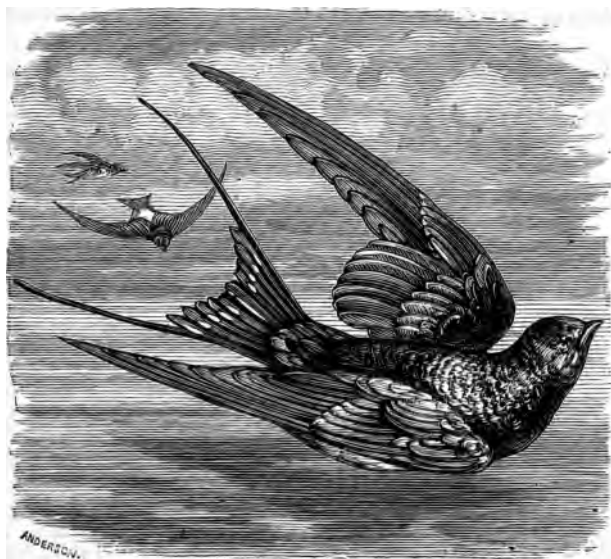
When was the Prince of Wales ill of fever? Who died of the same fever a few years before? Had the Prince died, what would have announced his death to the people of London? Who, after the Queen-mother, excited the warmest love in the hearts of the people? What did the Princess do on that memorable day when prayer was made for the	Prince in all the churches? After the Prince's recovery, what did the Queen and Royal Family do? When did the great assembly of the Royal Family and people take place in St. Paul's? Which of the Royal Family set an heroic example to the wives and daughters of England? Of what did this example consist?
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The Cathedral Church of St. Paul's stands on Ludgate Hill, London, occupying a site on which there had been several previous churches. Although St. Paul's is not so large a building as St. Peter's at Rome, yet in some respects it is superior in design. It is 510 feet in length, 250 feet at its widest part, and covers more than two acres of ground. The architect and builder was Sir Christopher Wren, who laid the foundation stone in 1675. The building of the church occupied thirty-six years, and was not completed till 1710. The grand dome is seen from many parts of London. The height of the cross erected above this dome is 370 feet above the level of the pavement of the churchyard. By an inside staircase visitors can ascend to a circular gallery within the dome, called the "Whispering Gallery." When visitors are seated on the farther side of this gallery, and the guide speaks to them, each visitor imagines the voice comes out of the wall behind him. From the Stone Gallery and the Golden Gallery, outside of the dome, a most extensive view of the great city and its environs is obtained when the day is clear, which, however, is not often the case, on account of the smoke from so many chimneys all around. Higher up than the Golden Gallery are the gilt ball and cross. From the ground this ball looks little bigger than a man's hat, and yet it is six feet in diameter, and can admit eight people inside of it at once.

XIII.—THE SWALLOW.

Da'y's decline, the evening.
E'aves, edges of the roof which
lie over the side walls.
Glo'w-ing, very warm.
Ha'unts, places often visited.
Lap'-ses, glides.
Lat'-tice, window made of crossed
laths.

Mel'-low, soft.
 Mo-lest', disturb.
 Noon'-tide, mid-day.
 Re-lie'ed, freed by flashes of
 lightning.
 She'en, brightness.
 Val'-ley, hollow between ranges
 of rising ground.



THE little comer's coming, the comer o'er the sea,
The comer of the summer all the sunny day to be;
How pleasant, through the pleasant sleep, thy early
twitter heard,
O swallow, by the lattice, glad day be thy reward!

R. III. C

Thine be sweet morning with the bee, that's out for
 honey dew,
 And glowing be the noontide, for the grasshopper and
 you,
 And mellow shine, o'er day's decline, the sun to light
 thee home,—
 What can molest thy airy nest? Sleep till to-morrow
 come.

The river blue, that lapses through the valley, hears thee
 sing,
 And murmurs much beneath the touch of thy light-dipping
 wing;
 The thunder-cloud above us bowed in deeper gloom is
 seen,
 When quick relieved it glances to thy bosom's silvery
 sheen.

The silent power that brings thee back, with leading-
 strings of love,
 To haunts where first the summer sun fell on thee from
 above,
 Shall bind thee more to come aye to the music of our
 leaves;
 For here thy young, where thou hast sprung, shall glad
 thee in our eaves.

Thomas Aird.

DICTATION.

Dew, due; blue, blew; through, threw; seen, scene.

Supply the words omitted in—The	the wood. He	a stone
wets the grass. Pay the man	at us. He has	better days. A
his The wind off his hat.	lovely	is formed by the lake,
(Give me that violet. We passed	wood, and mountain.	

QUESTIONS.

Who is the little comer of the back? What is the swallow brought
 summer? What is it pleasant to hear? back with? In what place will the
 To what haunts is the swallow brought? swallows be glad?

XIV.—THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE AND THE COW TREE.

Com-pa'red, likened.
 Con-sid'-ered, thought.
 Em-ploy'ed, used.
 Lux-u'-ri-ant, plentiful.
 Lat'-i-tudes, distances from
 the equator.

In-cres'ased, multiplied.
 Ob-ta'ined, got.
 Per-fec'-tion, excellence.
 Re-sem'-bles, is like.
 U-til'-i-ty, usefulness.

THE bread-fruit tree grows to a height of fully forty feet. It has a thick stem; and very large leaves, which sometimes measure as much as eighteen inches in length, and eleven in breadth. The fruit is a berry some nine inches long, and resembles the cocoa-nut in size and form. It is filled with a white mealy pulp, which becomes juicy and yellow when the fruit is ripe.

During a great portion of the year the bread-fruit forms the chief article of food to the natives of the Society Islands, which lie far out in the Pacific Ocean. The bread-fruit is slightly sweet, and has been compared to a cake made of flour, egg, sugar, and butter. In general it is cut into several pieces, and roasted or baked in a hole in the ground, which is paved round with large smooth stones; it then resembles a boiled potato in the taste. When thus cooked, it is considered to equal any kind of bread. The fruit is in the greatest perfection about a week before it begins to ripen, and this is easily known by the skin changing to a brownish hue.

Besides its value as a fruit tree, the bark of the bread-fruit is used for making a kind of coarse cloth; the leaves are formed into towels; and the wood is employed in building boats and houses.

The great utility of the bread-fruit as an article of food, and its luxuriant growth in the same lati-



tudes as the West India Islands, caused the British Government to send out two ships to Tahiti to bring a number of young trees to be planted in our West Indian colonies, where they have thriven and increased wonderfully.

Not only is bread obtained from trees, but in South America there grows a tree from which the people obtain milk. It is called the Cow Tree, and grows on rocky ground near the Andes Mountains. It is very tall, and yet its roots do not strike deep into the earth. Its leaves resemble leather. In

order to get the milk, the people pierce or cut the bark of the tree near to the ground, and a white milky juice flows out, which soon fills their bowls or other vessels. Some drink the milk on the spot, others carry it home for the use of their families.

DICTATION.

Piece, peace; bread, bred; week, weak; hue, Hugh, hew; coarse, course.

Supply the words omitted in—I like	will see you.	Tell	to come up.
better than war. Bring me a	Can you	a stick with an axe?	The
of wood. This is good. He		of the sky is blue.	This is
is a well boy. This man is	stuff. Of	it is.	
but the other is strong. Next	I		

QUESTIONS.

What is the height of the bread-fruit tree? What is the length and breadth of its leaves? What is the size of the fruit? What nut does this fruit resemble? What does the fruit contain? To whom does the fruit form a chief article of food? Where are the Society Islands? What taste has the fruit? What has it been compared to? How is it cooked? When roasted or baked, what does it resemble? When is the fruit in greatest perfection? What is	the bark of the tree used for? What is made of the leaves? What is the wood employed in? Who caused a number of young trees to be planted in the West Indies? How have they succeeded there? What other tree is mentioned in the lesson? Where does it grow? What do people obtain from the cow-tree? What do its leaves resemble? How do they get the milk from it?
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XV.—UP WITH THE DAWN.

Braw'-ny, strong.	Lep'-ro-sy, disease.
Com'-merce, trade.	Prime, youth.
De-ca'y, die out.	Strew, scatter.
Grap'-ple, struggle.	Sub-du'e, overcome.
Joc'-und, merry.	Trav'-erse, cross over.

Up with the dawn, ye sons of toil !
And bare the brawny arm,
To drive the harnessed team afield,
And till the fruitful farm.

To dig the mine for hidden wealth;
 Or make the woods to ring;
 With swinging axe, and steady stroke,
 To fell the forest king.

With ocean car and iron steed
 To traverse land and sea,
 And spread our commerce round the globe,
 As wind that wanders free.
 Subdue the earth and conquer fate,
 Outspeed the flight of time:
 Old earth is rich, and man is young,
 Nor near his jocund prime.

Work ! and the clouds of care will fly;
 Pale want will pass away.
 Work ! and the leprosy of crime
 And tyrants must decay.
 Leave the dead ages in their urns:
 The present time be ours,
 To grapple bravely with our lot,
 And strew our path with flowers.

Thomas Elliot.

"Sons of toil," working-men. "Harnessed team," horses that draw the plough. "Forest king," the oak tree. "Ocean car," steamship. "Iron steed," railway locomotive engine.

DICTION.

Team, teem; ring, wring; flower, flour.

The fields	with grain.	The	the wet clothes.	The	is ground
ploughman leads out his		The	by the miller.	The rose is a pretty	
bells loudly.	The washers				

QUESTIONS.

What should the sons of toil be up with? What should they drive afield? What should they till? For what should they dig the mine? With what do they traverse sea and land?	What should they spread round our globe? What should we grapple bravely with? With what should we strew our path?
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XVI.—THE WILFUL BOY.

Ab-surd', nonsensical.	Grat'-i-fy, please.
Con-tra-dict'-ing, opposing the desires of.	Im-pos'-si-ble, unable to be done.
En-du'-rance, bearing.	In-dul'ged, petted.
En-ra'ged, very angry.	In-dul'-gent, yielding.
Ev'-i-dent, easily seen.	In-qui'-ring, asking.
Ex-ci'te-ment, agitation.	Mis'-er-a-ble, unhappy.
Fret'-ful, ill-tempered.	Pe'ev-ish, ill-natured.

A LADY had an only child—a boy; and, as is very common in such cases, she indulged him so much by giving him everything he asked for, that he became fretful and peevish whenever any of the servants did not, at a moment's notice, gratify his desires, however absurd they might be.

On one occasion the lady saw her cherished boy crying, and seemingly very angry at one of the servants who, instead of giving him what he wanted, told him he could not get it, and that he might save himself the trouble of crying for it. But worse still, he laughed in the boy's face, and called him a little fool for his pains.

The lady overhearing the last remark was enraged at the servant's denial, and instead of inquiring what was the cause, in order to see whether or not it was a proper thing for her child to get, said to the servant, "Give him at once what he wants. Why do you make him cry so?"

"Madam, although he should cry till to-morrow, he will not obtain what he wishes."

"How now; what do you mean by such insolence? I command you to gratify the little darling this very instant!"

"Madam, it is impossible."


"Oh! this is beyond endurance. I will call your master, who shall teach you not to cross the poor child in this manner."

She called aloud to her husband, who was walking in the garden at the time with a few friends, and in great anger and excitement said, "Turn away this impudent servant, who mocks me, and seems to take a pleasure in contradicting our dear boy. He refuses to give him something he is crying for, and will not give it even at my command."

"This is very strange," said the equally indulgent father to the servant; "very strange indeed! that you allow yourself to fail so grossly in your duty to your mistress, and that you laugh to see your young master cry so. Give him what he wants, or leave the house."

"I will leave the house, if it must be so, sir; but how can I give him the moon which he has seen in a pail of water, and which he insists I should reach down and bring up to him?"

At these words the master and mistress looked at each other for a moment. All the company burst out laughing; husband and wife followed the merry example, and promised each other to correct their weakness towards their spoilt child, whose every wish they saw too well it would be difficult to satisfy; while it also became evident that the more they indulged their child, the more miserable they would make him when at any time he should desire things which even their wealth could not purchase for him.



DICTATION.

Fool, full; pains, panes; mean, mien; aloud, allowed; few, feu; pail, pale.

Supply the words omitted in—The	with graceful	He will not be
boy was a	to do this.	Cry and he
The cup is of	will hear.	I have a books.
water. He has broken two in	built on another	His cheek was
the window. He has in his legs.	Here is a	of water.
Do you to please? She walks		

QUESTIONS.

What did the lady give her boy?	did the master say the servant must
What did he become? At whom was	do if he did not give the boy what he
the boy very angry? What did the	wanted? What did the boy want?
servant tell the boy he was? When	When they knew the boy wanted the
the lady heard the servant call her boy	servant to bring the moon out of the
a fool, what was she? What did she	pail of water, what did they do? What
say to the servant? What answer did	did the husband and wife promise each
the servant give? Whom did the lady	other? The more they indulged their
call? Where was her husband? What	child, what would they make him?

XVII.—THE CLOCK AND THE DIAL.—A FABLE.

Brag'-gart, boaster.
 Con'-stant-ly, always.
 Coun'-selled, advised.
 De-ce'ived, cheated.

Di'-al, round plate which, when
 lighted up by the sun, shows
 what o'clock it is.
 Scoffed, mocked.

ONE day a clock scoffed at a dial,
 And put his qualities to trial.
 Says he to him, "My neighbour, pray,
 Canst tell me what's the time of day?"

The sun was hidden then, and so
 The dial simply answered, "No."

"Dear me! what stand you there for, then,
 Unable to enlighten men?"

"I wait here till the sun shines bright,
 For I know nought but by his light."

"Wait on," quoth clock, "I scorn the sun;
 Both night and day I onward run;

Wind up my weights but once a week,
 Without him I can tick and speak ;
 I do not like a blockhead stand,
 But constantly wheel round my hand :
 Which tells the hour, as you may see,
 While I am striking, one—two—three."

While thus the clock was boasting loud,
 The blazing sun broke through a cloud ;
 The dial, faithful to his guide,
 Spake truth, and laid the braggart's pride :
 "You see," said he, "your hand and tongue
 For all your boasting are both wrong,
 'Tis half-past four. So count again,
 And learn henceforth to be less vain :
 Ne'er brag with your continual cant,
 That you your answers never want ;
 Who thinks you 're aye to be believed,
 Will often find himself deceived.
 Be counselled to behave like me ;
 For when I do not clearly see,
 I own I do not know, and then
 I 'm trusted by all honest men."

Allan Ramsay.

DICTATION.

Pray, prey ; wait, weight ; night, knight ; hour, our ; four,
 fore ; vain, vane.

Supply the words omitted in—We	been here more than an	Where
should for our enemies. The	are books. I have	balls.
sparrows are the of the hawk.	The horse has hurt his	leg. The
This is very heavy. Will you	peacock is very	The on
on me. It is dark at	the spire turns with the wind.	
The errands were brave. I have		

QUESTIONS.

What did the clock say to the dial ?	did it show ? If a person thinks a clock
What did the dial answer ? Till when	always to be believed, what will he
did the dial wait to tell the hours ? How	often find himself ? When one does
long did the clock say it onward ran ?	not clearly see, what is it best to own ?
How often were its weights wound up ?	If we do so, by whom will we be
What hour did the clock strike ? When	trusted ?
the sun shone on the dial, what o'clock	

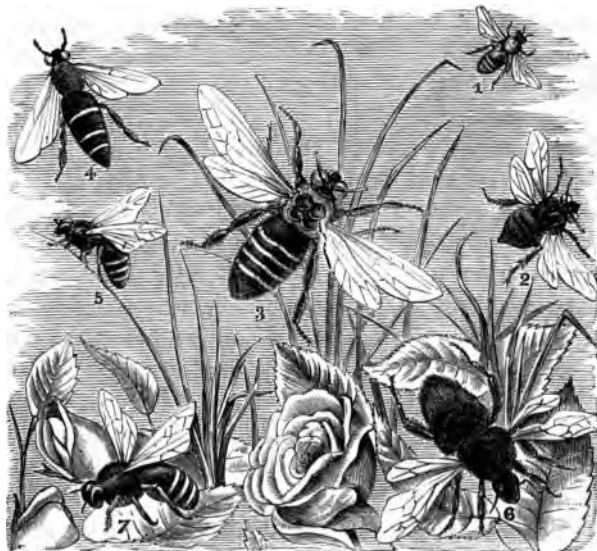
SECTION II.

XVIII.—BEEES.

Ac-qui'ed, got.
 Bat-tal'-ions, half regiments.
 Com'-pa-nies, hundreds.
 Dis-gor'-ges, vomits.
 In'-flu-ence, power.
 Mar'-ahal-ling, forming.
 Oc-cur'ed, happened.

Quest, search.
 Ref'-er-ence, regard.
 Re'-gi-ments, thousands.
 Reg'-u-lar, orderly.
 Sim'-i-lar, like.
 Spec'-ta-cle, show.
 Suf-fy'-cient, plentiful.

DURING the whole summer the bee is to be seen flying from flower to flower, filling the pouch upon



its thighs with yellow wax, or sucking up the honey from every blossom which it meets; with these gatherings it returns to the hive and delivers the wax to the builders who construct the cells, or dis-

gorges its honey into the cells already finished. It sometimes happens that the bee on its way to the hive meets a hungry companion and opens its mouth, from which the hungry bee sucks with its trunk a sufficient supply for its wants; in the same manner when it reaches the hive, it offers its honey to those who are at work, as if to keep them from quitting their labour to go in quest of food.

Some very curious instances have occurred of persons obtaining such an influence over bees as to cause them to obey an order, and to swarm according to pleasure. It is well-known that all the operations of the hive are conducted with reference to the queen-bee. While she moves about the hive, laying within the cells the eggs from which the young bees come, she is ever attended by as numerous a train as waits on the mightiest sovereigns of earth. The working-bees of a single hive amount to about eighteen thousand, and when, in the case of swarming, or from any other cause, they are driven from the hive, they all follow the flight of the queen-bee. The strange influence which some people have been found to possess over these insects is supposed to be connected with this fact. As the sting of the bee is only used for its defence, so any one who can guide the queen-bee at his pleasure, may thereby guide the whole movements of the hive.

A person who had acquired this power over his bees could make them swarm on his hat, and alight from time to time on different parts of his body. On one occasion he mounted a swift horse and made

the bees follow him to a great distance, and then led them back to the hive, without their being in the least angry or excited. A Mr. Wildman, who had a similar power over the insects, has been seen to drink a glass of wine, having at the same time, the bees all over his head and face, more than an inch deep; and though several fell into the glass they did not sting him. He even acted the part of a general, marshalling them in battle array on a large table. He divided them into regiments, battalions, and companies, and the moment he uttered the word *march*, they began to move about in a regular manner, like soldiers on review; nor were these insects ever known to sting any of the numerous company which at different times met to witness this singular spectacle. — *Gleanings of Sacred Philosophy*.

DICTIONATION.

Thigh, high, nigh, sigh; fight, might, night, sight, tight.

Supply the words omitted in—The	will be hurt. We	go to
bee loads its with wax. See that	bed at . It is a fine	to see
tree which is to my house.	boys learning. This ring is too	
We when we are sad. Boys who	for my finger.	

QUESTIONS.

What does the bee fill with wax?	bees leave a hive in a swarm, whom do
From what does it suck up the honey?	they all follow? Where did the bees
To whom does it deliver the wax?	swarm at the bidding of a person who
What does it do with the honey? When	had acquired power over them? When
a bee returning to the hive with honey	this person mounted a swift horse,
meets a hungry one, what does it do?	what did he make the bees do? What
When it reaches the hive, to whom	did Mr. Wildman do while his bees
does it offer the honey? Why does it	were all over his head and face? What
offer them the honey? What are all	did he do with the bees on a large
the operations of the hive conducted	table? What did he divide them into?
with reference to? What is the queen-	When he uttered the word <i>march</i> ,
bee attended by? How many work-	what did the bees do? What were the
ing bees are in a single hive? When the	bees like?

XIX.—DYING CHILDREN.

An-on', without ceasing.		Cl'ime, country.
Au'-tumn, harvest.		Pres'-ence, Being.
A'-zure, deep blue.		Se-re'n-er, calmer.

THEY are going—late and early—
 Ever and anon they go,
 All the wintry time they're passing
 Softly as the falling snow.
 When the violets in the spring time
 Catch the azure of the sky,
 They are carried out to slumber
 Sweetly where the violets lie.

They are going—only going—
 When with summer earth is dressed,
 In their cold hands holding roses
 Folded to each silent breast.
 When the autumn hangs red banners
 Out above the harvest sheaves,
 They are going—ever going
 Thick and fast like falling leaves.

All along the mighty ages,
 All adown the solemn time,
 They have taken up their homeward
 March, to that serener clime
 Where the watching, waiting angels
 Lead them to the throne on high,
 And the brightness of that Presence
 Which fills earth, and air, and sky.

Little hearts for ever stainless—
 Little hands as pure as they—
 Little feet by angels guided
 Never trod forbidden way!
 They are going, ever going!
 Leaving many a lonely spot;
 And each little fading floweret
 Seems a sweet "Forget-me-not."—*Anon.*

XX.—THE SUN'S RAYS.

Ad-mit', let in.
 Af-fect'-ed, changed.
 Bril'-liant, very bright.
 Del'-i-cate, fine.
 Dis-tinct', different.
 Ex-po'sed, laid open.

Mer'-cu-ry, quicksilver.
 Pho'-to-graphs, pictures formed
 by sunlight.
 Sep'-a-ra-ted, divided.
 Ther-mom'-e-ter, instrument for
 measuring heat.

SIMPLE as a white ray of the sun's light appears, it is found to be made up of three distinct elements, and to have many curious properties. The three elements are light, heat, and force; and they may be separated from each other by means of a prism, which is a solid three-sided piece of glass. The method of doing this is to bore a small hole through the window-shutter of a dark room so as to admit a ray of light from the sun, and then to place the prism level across the hole, with one edge down. When the ray of light passes through the prism it will be bent upward, and strike the wall at a higher point than it did before. It will not, however, be all bent equally in the form of a round spot as at first, but will appear as a long image of seven brilliant and delicate colours, which shade into each other and fade away at the ends of the image. The lowest of the colours, when the prism is placed in the above position, is always red; and the others in order going upward are orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. When a delicate thermometer is held for a short time in each of the coloured rays it is found that the highest or violet ray gives out least heat, and that the heat grows greater as the thermometer is passed down through the several colours to the

red ray. But at a point below the red ray where no light falls there is more heat than anywhere within the light. The rays of light are thus separated from those of heat.

Another way of proving that light and heat are distinct elements is this : If a thermometer is placed near a close stove which emits heat but no light, the heat will cause the mercury to rise ; but if a plate of glass be placed between the stove and the thermometer the rays of heat cannot pass through the glass, and the mercury will begin to fall, although it is as near the stove as before. If now the stove be made red-hot, the rays of light carry the heat through, and the thermometer again rises, and the nearer the stove comes to a white heat the quicker the dark rays of heat pass through the glass. The crystals of rock salt which look quite like glass have not the quality of glass; for the dark rays of heat pass as quickly through them as the rays of light.

It was known hundreds of years ago that the chloride of silver, which is as white as snow, turns black when exposed to the light of the sun; and latterly it has been found that a large number of bodies are thus affected by light. It is this power of light which enables men to take photographs.

The force of light can be proved in several ways. It is found to be most powerful in the violet ray, and to reach entirely beyond the light. It cannot be seen by the eye, and does not affect the thermometer. Therefore it is neither light nor heat.

Scientific American.

"Chloride of silver," a combination of chlorine gas and silver which, spread on the surface of copper plates, formed the first mode of getting sun-pictures. Photographs are now taken on glass thinly coated with collodion which is affected by light in the same way as chloride of silver. Collodion is made by combining gun-cotton with certain acids.

QUESTIONS.

How many elements are in a ray of light? What are these elements? What is the name of the instruments by which these elements are separated? How is this done? When light passes through a prism placed over the hole in a shutter of a dark room how will it appear? When the prism is so placed which colour is always lowest? Name the other colours in their order going upwards? Which ray gives out least heat? Which gives out most heat? Where is the most heat of all? What rays are thus separated? When a thermometer is placed near a stove which gives out heat but no light what happens? When a plate of glass is placed between the thermometer and the stove what happens? If the stove be made red-hot what happens?

XXI.—SUNSHINE AND SHOWER.

A-dorn'-ing, beautiful.

Blend'-ed, mingled.

Bo'd-ing, foretelling.

Cloy, become unpleasant.

Hei'ght-ened, increased.

Pro-gres'-sion, advancing.

Es'-gions, countries.

Sor'-row, grief.

THE heart that is sinking in sorrow
 May mourn but need never despair;
 The night may be dark, but to-morrow
 The sky may be smiling and fair.
 As golden day follows gray morning,
 As summer heat follows the rain,
 As shadow makes light more adorning,
 So pleasure is heightened by pain.

Our life is a state of progression,
 Though weary and rough be the way,
 And ere we get good in possession,
 Hard labour's the price we must pay.
 Then pause not, though dark and alarming
 The sky in the distance may lower;
 Press on; there be regions more charming;—
 The sunshine comes after the shower.

Then list not yon woe-begone lover,
 And heed not that woe-boding friend ;
 The sooner your sorrows are over
 The sooner your pleasures will end.
 When joy thus with sorrow is blended,
 Oh, why should life's cup ever cloy ?
 Or why should we wish our days ended
 When sorrow's the sister of joy ?

James Ballantine.

XXII.—THE TWELFTH BIRTH-DAY.

Af-fec-tion-ate, loving.
 Ap-pe-tite, desire to eat.
 Be-sto'wed, given.
 Con'-science, moral sense.
 De-spond'-ing, cast down.

Fo'r-ci-bly, strongly.
 Per-mit'-ted, allowed.
 Spa'-cious, large.
 Sup-pli-ca-tions, entreaties.
 Sur-ren'-der, give up.

ERIC, the son of pious and affectionate parents, kept his twelfth birth-day in the early autumn. They had given him many handsome presents, and permitted him to invite a number of his youthful friends to visit him. The children played together in the spacious garden, in a corner of which Eric had a little garden of his own planted with flowers and fruit trees. A few young peach trees stood by the garden wall, bearing their first fruit. They were just beginning to ripen, and their ruddy sides shone already through the down which covered them. The tempting sight excited the longing appetite of the boys. But Eric's father had forbidden him to touch those trees, and he did not wish to disobey his father's command. But the other boys were eager to taste the fruit, and at last

Eric gave his consent, that they might gather the peaches.

Now, when the twilight came, and the other boys had gone home, Eric felt more forcibly that he had done wrong, and he was afraid to meet his father. At last his father came out into the garden; and when he saw how the young trees had been stripped of their fruit, he asked Eric why he had been so ungrateful as to repay his father's kindness by stealing the young peaches. The boy grew pale, and trembled, and confessed all to his father with tears and supplications.

But his father said, "Henceforth the garden will be locked against you," and with these words he turned away from his son. Eric could not sleep the whole night; he was afraid of the darkness, he heard the beating of his own heart. It was the most unhappy night of his life.

Next day Eric looked pale and desponding, and his mother said to her husband, "See, Eric mourns, and is very sad. The locked garden is an emblem to him of his father's heart, which is closed against him." The father answered, "It is right that he should mourn. For this reason I have locked the garden. We must give him time to repent, and be sorry for his fault."

After some days the mother said, "If we do not comfort him now, he may doubt our love." "No," replied the father; "his conscience will teach him otherwise. He has enjoyed our love always till now. Let him learn to value it, that he may strive to gain it anew."

Some days had passed again, when Eric came one morning from his chamber with a calm and cheerful face. He had laid all the gifts which he had received from his parents together in a basket, which he brought, and placed before his father and mother, saying, "I feel that I have not been worthy of your love. But my heart tells me that I shall live a new life. If then you will forgive me, and love me as you used to do, I will surrender to you all the gifts your goodness has bestowed."

Both father and mother saw that their darling boy was truly sorry for his fault, and they well knew, from the sacrifice he was making, that he would never likely err in the same manner again. They listened with joy to the tale of his repentance, glad that the coldness exhibited towards him for a few days had melted his heart and drawn forth all his love.

Then the father clasped the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and wept over him. His mother did so likewise—*From the German.*

QUESTIONS.

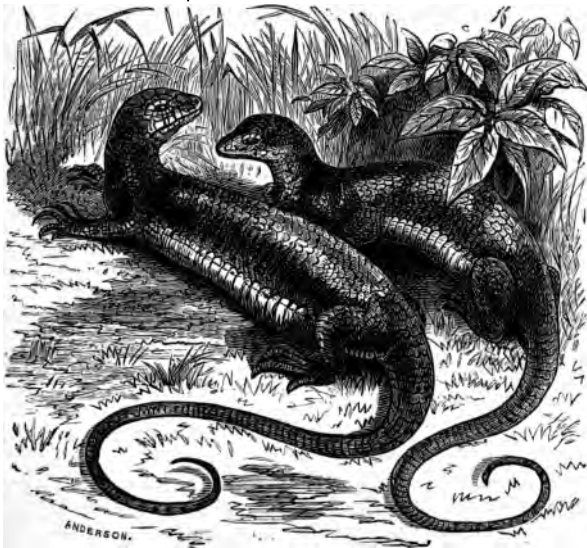
At what time of the year did Eric keep his twelfth birth-day? What had his parents given to Eric? Whom did they permit him to invite? Where did the children play? What was Eric's little garden planted with? What kind of trees stood by the garden wall? What were these trees bearing? What shone through the down that covered the peaches? What did this tempting sight excite? What had Eric's father forbidden him to do? What did Eric not wish to do? What were the other boys eager to do? What did Eric at last give? How did Eric feel after the other boys had gone home? When Eric's father came into the garden what did he see? What did the boy do when his father blamed him for stealing the young peaches? What did his father say to him? What could Eric not do the whole night? What was he afraid of? What did he hear? What was that night to him? What did Eric's mother say next day to her husband? What did the father answer? Where did Eric lay all the gifts he had received from his parents? What did he say he would surrender if his parents would forgive him, and love him as before? What did his father and mother then do?

XXIII.—THE TWO LIZARDS—A FABLE.

Am-bi'tious, aspiring.
 At-tract', draw.
 Des'ti-ny, fate.
 Giz'zard, stomach.
 In-her'it, get by birth.

Ma-jes'tic, kinglike.
 Ob-scu're, unnoticed.
 Ob-se-ques, funeral rites.
 Pa'-god, temple.
 Paun'-ches, entrails.

BENEATH a tree, one shining day,
 On a burn-bank two lizards lay



Warming themselves in the sun's beams,
 And drinking of the crystal streams.
 "Woe's me!" says one unto the other,
 "How mean and weak our life is, brother!
 Beneath the moon is ought so poor,
 Regarded less, or more obscure?"

'Tis true, indeed, our breath we draw ;
But, forced by destiny's hard law,
The crawling worm's life we inherit—
Curst fate to one that has a spirit !
Besides, I've heard a true report,
That in the Nile great lizards sport,
Called crocodiles ; ah ! had I been
Of such a size, upon the green,
I would have had my share of fame,
Honour, respect, and a great name ;
To men I would have seemed a lord,
And in a pagod been adored."

" Ah, friend !" replied the other lizard,
" What makes this grumbling in thy gizzard ?
What cause hast thou to be uneasy ?
Cannot the sweets of freedom please thee ?
We, free from trouble, toil, and care,
Enjoy the sun, the earth, the air,
The crystal spring, and greenwood bower,
And sheltered nooks, when tempests lower.
Why should we fret, look blue, or wan,
Though we're despised by haughty man ?
If so, let's in return be wise,
And that proud animal despise."

" Oh fie !" returns the ambitious beast,
" How weak a fire now warms thy breast !
This mean life breaks my heart ; for why ?
I'd like to attract the gazer's eye,
And be admired. What stately horns
The deer's majestic brow adorns !
He claims our wonder and our dread,
Where'er he rears his lofty head.
What envy all my spirit fires,
When he in clearest pools admires
His various beauties with delight ;
I'm like to drown myself with spite."
Thus held he forth—when straight a pack
Of hounds, and hunters at their back,

Ran down a deer before their face,
 Breathless and wearied with the chase ;
 The dogs upon the victim seize,
 And bugles sound his obsequies :
 But neither dogs nor men regard
 The tiny lizards on the sward,
 While hungry Turco, Bluff, and Tray,
 Devour'd the paunches of the prey.

Soon as the bloody deed was past,
 The lizard wise the proud address :—
 “ Dear cousin, now, pray let me hear,
 How you would like to be a deer.”

“ Oh hon ! ” quoth he, convinced and sad,
 “ Who would have thought his lot so bad ?
 Well, be a private life my fate,
 I'll never envy more the great :
 That we are little folk, 'tis true ;
 So are our cares and dangers too.”

'Tis to be hoped that none will fail
 To see the moral of this tale :
 Contentment to the poorest brings
 More happiness, than crowns to kings.

Allan Ramsay.

DICTION.

Heard, herd ; breaks, brakes ; straight, strait ; seize, sees, seas.

Supply the words omitted in—I have	Go you	home.	This is a
the noise. Do you see that	passage. He	a boat sailing on the	
of deer? Down with the	on the	Can the hound	the deer?
carriage wheels. He	some sticks.		

QUESTIONS.

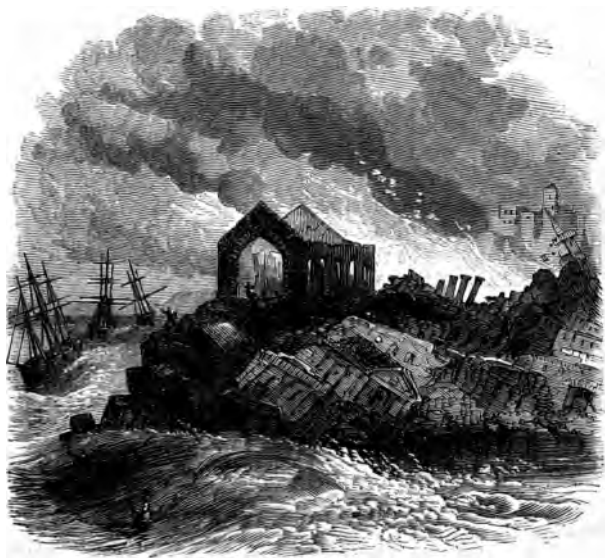
Where did the two lizards lie? What	the first lizard wish to be? What did
were they doing? What did the one	the dogs do to the deer? What did the
say to the other? Where did he say	men and dogs do to the lizards? After
great lizards sported? What are the	the bloody deed was past, what did the
lizards of the Nile called? Where is	wise lizard say to the other? What
the Nile? If the lizard had been as	did the first lizard then say he would
large as a crocodile, where did he say he	never do? What did he say lizards
would have been adored? What did the	were? What were their cares and
other lizard reply? Which animal did	dangers?

XXIV.—THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

Au-then'tic, truthful.
 Con-fla-gra'tion, burning.
 Des-o-la'tion, ruin.
 De-struc'tion, death.
 Dis-as'trous, distressing.
 Ed'i-fi-ces, buildings.
 E-nor'mous, very large.
 Ex-pan'se, bed.

Fes'ti-val, feast-day.
 Fu-gi-tives, runaways.
 Im-men'se, very great.
 Pre'-cincts, boundaries.
 Ref'-uge, shelter.
 Ter'-ri-fied, frightened.
 Trav'-erse, cross.
 Vi'o-lence, great force.

THE first shock of the great earthquake which overthrew Lisbon, in 1755, was caused by the



great land-wave. The city was shaken to its foundations. The houses were swung to and fro with such violence that the upper stories were

flung bodily to the ground, crushing thousands of the inhabitants to death beneath the ruins of their own dwellings. Those who escaped rushed to the great square in front of St. Paul's Church, hoping to find in this open space a refuge from the falling edifices of the city. But when they drew near, they were still more terrified by the awful scene of desolation which there presented itself, than they were by the overthrow of their own homes. It was the festival of All Saints; and St. Paul's, like all the other churches, had been crowded with worshippers. The great church had been thrown down, and the immense multitude which had filled it had perished beneath its shattered walls. Those who had escaped from the different churches, were to be seen fleeing in crowds to the banks of the Tagus for safety. Others sought the heights of St. Catherine's Hill, but these were quickly destroyed; for a second land-wave followed soon after the first, and the church which crowned the hill was rocked violently to and fro until it fell, overwhelming the people who crowded around it in the vain hope of finding shelter there.

Now the great sea-wave was to work the destruction of thousands who had escaped from the falling streets and churches. The banks of the Tagus were crowded with terrified fugitives, whose cries for mercy sounded like the dirge of the doomed city. Of a sudden, as they prayed, a strange heaving swell was seen to traverse the broad expanse of the river. The waters seemed as though they were being sucked away to meet an enormous wave

which was sweeping in with great rapidity from the sea. Another moment and the whole multitude was engulfed in the surging waters.

It is related that, of the vessels anchored in the river, of an extensive quay recently built at great expense, and of the crowds of human beings huddled together upon them, not a single trace was ever afterwards discovered. They had all gone down to a depth deeper than the bottom of the sea.

But the end was not yet. A third land-wave rushed in upon the town, the shock it produced being scarcely less violent than the two preceding ones; and immediately after, the river was again traversed by an enormous wave. Then followed other shocks, and other inrushes of the sea, producing effects so disastrous that it was generally believed the city of Lisbon was doomed to be entirely swept from the face of the earth.

And now, when the earthquake was over, a new calamity, scarcely less terrible, befell the unfortunate inhabitants. The city was found to be on fire in a hundred places at once, the flames bursting forth with such fury that the whole city presented the appearance of a gigantic conflagration. It is asserted that fires issuing upwards from fissures made by the earthquake in the ground were partly the cause of this calamity. But on this point the evidence is not very clear. It is certain however that flames and smoke issued from several mountains in Portugal during the earthquake; and there are authentic records of their occurrence within the

precincts of the city. On every side there was fire, while few were left to contend against the ravages of the destructive element.

Six days elapsed before an end was finally put to the conflagration.—*St. Paul's*.

DICTATION.

Thrown, throne; were, ware; seem, seam; meet, meat, mete; quay, key.

Supply the words omitted in.—The churches were down. The king's is a fine seat. If you there you would see the hard The girl sews her	You to know. Can you me at ten o'clock? He eats his well. You must good measure. The ship is lying at the Give him the to open the door.
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QUESTIONS.

When did the great earthquake at Lisbon take place? What was the first shock caused by? What parts of the houses were flung to the ground? Beneath what were thousands of the inhabitants crushed to death? What place did those who escaped rush to? What did they hope to find in the open space? When they drew near why were they terrified? What had St. Paul's been crowded with? What had happened to the great church? What happened to the immense multitude which had filled it? Where did those who escaped from the churches flee to? What happened to those who sought the heights of St. Catherine's Hill?	What was to work the destruction of those who had escaped from the falling streets and churches? What were the banks of the Tagus crowded with? What did their cries for mercy sound like? What was the enormous wave sweeping in from? What happened in another moment? What had the vessels in the river, the quay, and the crowds of human beings gone down to? What did Lisbon seem doomed to be? What calamity next befell the city? What was the city found to be on? What did the fires issue from? How many days elapsed before an end was put to the conflagration?
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XXV.—THERE ARE TWO WAYS TO LIVE ON EARTH.

Cull, gather.
Eb'-bing, backward flowing.
Foiled, baffled.
Fond'-ness, love.

Gauds, toys.
Im-pulse, cause.
In'-mates, dwellers.
Per-pet'-u-al, continual.

THERE are two ways to live on earth,
Two ways to judge, to act, to view,
For all things here have double birth—
A right and wrong—a false and true.

Give me the home where kindness seeks
 To make that sweet which seemeth small ;
 Whose every lip in fondness speaks,
 And every mind hath care for all.

Whose inmates live in glad exchange
 Of pleasure free from vain expense ;
 Whose thoughts beyond their means ne'er range,
 Nor wise denials give offence.

Who in a neighbour's fortune find
 No wish, no impulse to complain ;
 Who feel not—never felt—the mind
 To envy yet another's gain.

Who dream not of the ebbing tide,
 Ambition's foiled endeavour meets,
 The bitter pangs of wounded pride—
 The fallen power that shuns the streets.

Though fate deny its glittering store,
 Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose ;
 For all that gold can purchase more
 Are gauds it is no loss to lose.

Some beings, wheresoe'er they go,
 Find nought to please or to exalt
 Their constant study but to show
 Perpetual modes of finding fault.

While others, in the ceaseless round
 Of daily wants and daily care,
 Can yet cull flowers from common ground,
 And twice enjoy the joy they share.

Oh ! happy they who happy make,
 Who blessing, still themselves are blest,
 Who something spare for others' sake,
 And strive in all things for the best.

DICTATION.

Wrong, wreek, wrap, 'wroth, wreak, wreath, wren, wrist, write.

Supply the words omitted in—It is to quarrel. I saw the of the ship. Can you up my parcel. To be is to be angry. We should never our vengeance on any one.	Bring a of flowers. The is a very small bird. He has got his sprained. Please a letter for me.
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QUESTIONS.

How many ways are there of living on earth? What are the two ways? What does kindness seek to make? What should our pleasures be free from? What should we not find in a neighbour's fortune? What should we not envy? When fate denies its	glittering store, what should we choose? What are all the things that gold can purchase? What is the constant study of some beings? What is it that others can do? Who are the happy?
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XXVI.—CHINESE CORMORANTS.

Con-tri'-vance, plan.
De-vour'-ing, eating.
Dif'-i-gence, industry.
In'-do-lent, lazy.

In'-stinct, inclination.
Of'-fal, waste parts of the fish.
Pur-su'-it, chase.
Sur'-face, top of the water.

In this country it was at one time quite a common custom to train hawks or falcons to fly after other birds and kill them for the benefit of the hunter, even as hounds are trained to chase and kill hares. But the people of China have been able to tame a bird called the cormorant, and to teach it to catch fish for them. The rivers of China are very large, and contain a great number of fishes, which are much used as food. The fisherman, who has sometimes as many as ten or a dozen trained birds, sets out in his boat, allowing it to drift away down the stream till he reaches what he considers good fishing ground. He then casts anchor, and gives his birds an order or signal to begin. It being quite a

natural instinct of the cormorants to catch fish, for which they dive under water, the birds drop at once into the river, and skim along in search of their prey.



As soon as a bird sees a fish, he dashes after it, seizes it in a moment, and brings it to the surface in his bill. The fisherman, who is eagerly watching all the movements of his birds, instantly calls on every one which brings a fish to the surface. The obedient bird flies towards him, drops the fish into the boat, and then sets off in search of more. In this way, when the birds work well, a great many fish are caught in a day, and the fisherman duly

rewards his labourers with the offal whenever he gets home.

But, seeing the cormorant is such a greedy creature, he could hardly be expected to bring all the fish safely to the boat without devouring any; for it is only when the birds are hungry that they are keen in the pursuit. The Chinaman, knowing this, provides against it, by tying a string round the bird's neck firm enough to keep his throat from widening so as to swallow the fishes, but not so tight as to do him any injury. This contrivance keeps the birds honest.

Sometimes a bird seems more intent on play than on work, which, when the fisherman notices, he strikes the water close by the indolent bird with a long cane. This has the effect of bringing the bird to a sense of duty, and he very soon thereafter gives a proof of his renewed diligence by dropping another fish into the boat.

DICTION.

Quite, quiet; hares, hairs; who, whose, whom; anchor, anker; caught, taught, fought, nought, sought, thought; cane, Cain.

Supply the words omitted in—She	of brandy. The	holds the
lies now in her bed, and is	ship. He	me to read. I
well pleased. The	a fish. He	me out. I gave
the hounds. The horse has long	for his trouble. The cat and dog	together. I
in his tail. The man	gave me	he would not come.
this has gone abroad. The boy	He struck him with a	Abel
we love best is diligent. I do not	was killed by	his brother.
know book this is. He got an		

QUESTIONS.

What were hawks or falcons trained to do? What bird have the Chinese taught to catch fish for them? What are the rivers of China? What do they contain? How many trained birds have fishermen sometimes?	What do they set out in? How far does the fisherman allow his boat to drift down the stream? After casting anchor what does he next do? What is it quite natural for the cormorants to do? How do they catch the fish?
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When the birds drop into the river what do they do next? As soon as a bird sees a fish what does he do? What does the fisherman do when he sees a bird bring a fish to the surface? What then does the obedient bird do? What does the fisherman give the birds when he gets home? What kind of creature is the cormorant? When	is it the birds are keen in the pursuit of fish? How does the Chinamen keep the birds from swallowing the fish they catch? When a fisherman sees a bird more intent on play than on work what does he do? What does this bring the bird to a sense of? How does the bird give a proof of his renewed diligence?
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XXVII.—A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

Ar'-bour, seat shaded with leaves of trees. Ar'-ro-gance, pride. De-ceit, cheating. E-mo'-tions, feelings. Fawn'-ing, meanness.	Guin'-ea, gold coin worth twenty- one shillings. Lout, lazy fellow. Pre-ten'-ce, claim to goodness. Sye'-a-more, large fruit-tree. Whi'-ne, grumble.
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I've a guinea I can spend,
 I've a wife, and I've a friend,
 And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown;
 I've a cottage of my own,
 With the ivy overgrown,
 And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown.

I can sit at my own door,
 By my shady sycamore,
 Large of heart, though of very small estate, John Brown;
 So in the cool retreat
 Of my arbour take a seat,
 And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John Brown.

I love the chant of birds,
 And the children's early words,
 And a loving woman's voice low and sweet, John Brown;
 And I hate a false pretence,
 And the want of common sense,
 And arrogance, and fawning, and deceit, John Brown.

I love the meadow flowers,
 And the brier in the bowers,
 And I love an open face, without guile, John Brown;

And I hate a selfish knave,
 And a proud contented slave,
 And a lout who'd rather beg than he'd toil, John Brown.

I love a simple song
 That awakes emotions strong,
 And a word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown ;
 And I hate the constant whine
 Of the foolish who repine,
 And turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown.

But even when I hate,
 If I seek my garden gate,
 And survey the world around me and above, John Brown ;
 The hatred flies my mind,
 And I sigh for human kind,
 And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

So if you like my ways,
 And the comfort of my days,
 I will tell you how I live so unvexed, John Brown ;
 I never scorn my health,
 Nor sell my soul for wealth,
 Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John Brown.

I've parted with my pride,
 And I take the sunny side,
 For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown ;
 I keep a conscience clear,
 I've a hundred pounds a year,
 And I manage to exist and be glad, John Brown.

Charles Mackay, LL.D.

DICTIONARY.

Knee, knack, knag, knapsack, knarled, knave, knead, knell,
 knife, knight, knit, knob, knock, knoll, knot, know, knuckle.

Supply the words omitted in—His	cut the stick. A	is a noble-
was hurt. He has a of doing	man. I can	my stocking. There
this. A in wood is very hard. The	is a brass	on the door. Do not
soldier lost his in the battle.	so loud. The	is a hillock.
This is an old tree. The is	Tie a	on the string. I do not
not to be trusted. Can you the	the man. The	of my
dough for bread. A is the toll-	middle finger was hurt.	
ing of a funeral bell. This will		

QUESTIONS.

What had the person who wrote this poem which he could spend? What had he at his knees? What was his cottage overgrown with? What did he sit at his own door by? Tell some of the things he loved. Tell some of	the things he hated. What did he do with the faults of those he could not love? What did he find it worse than folly to be? What did he keep clear? How much had he a year?
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XXVIII.—TRUE FILIAL AFFECTION.

A-part'-ments , rooms. Dis-mount'-ing , coming down. Em-bra'ced , threw his arms round.	Hes-i-ta'-tion , waiting. O-r'-gin-al-ly , at first. Ré'-cog-nize , acknowledge.
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Kurzhausen pronounced *Koorts-haggen*.

By diligence, bravery, and steady attention to his duties, Kurzhausen had risen, from being a common soldier in the army of Frederick the Great of Prussia, to be a captain in a regiment of horse.

At the close of the Seven Years' War he returned to his native place, dressed in his captain's uniform, and the Order of Merit on his breast.

His first thoughts were for his aged parents, who were poor people, and lived in an humble cottage. He hurried home at once, anxious to tell, and to hear, all which had passed in the long years that had separated them. To clasp his old father and mother's hands, and to look once again in their kindly faces, made him very happy. But he was not content alone with visiting his parents; they must come to him, dine with him in his fine quarters in town, and see how happily fortune had dealt with the former peasant boy. On the day fixed he met them in the

market-place, and dismounting from his horse, he embraced them fondly, and led them to his quarters, to which he had also invited several of his friends.

The poor old people were greatly pleased at the fine apartments of their beloved son, but they were silent and felt rather shy. Kurzhagen was told that some of his young guests had sneered at the peasants dining at an officer's table. To these he said sternly, "Would you have me despise the first people who made my life happy? Know that I am proud to remember I was their child before I became a captain in the king's army.

It reached the ears of Frederick the Great that his brave captain of horse had behaved in such a noble way to his parents, and the king, ever ready to recognize worth, caused him to be called into his presence.

"My friend," said Frederick, anxious to try him still further, "what was your family originally? from what house do you take your name? and who were your parents?"

"Your Majesty," replied Kurzhagen, without a moment's hesitation, "the house from which I take my name is a peasant's hut, and my parents are poor labourers with whom I gladly share the benefits for which I have to thank your Majesty."

"Good," said the king; "he who honours his parents is worthy of honour; he who despises them, deserves never to have been born."—*Chatterbox*.

DICTATION.

Separate the following words into syllables, and mark the accented syllable:—Diligence, attention, Frederick, regiment, separated, invited, remember, anxious, labourer, peasant, majesty.

QUESTIONS.

What was Kurzhagen when he first entered the army? What did he rise to be? At the close of the war, what did he return to? How was he dressed? What had he on his breast? What were his parents? Where did they live? What made him very happy? Where did he wish his parents to dine with him? What would they there see? Where did he meet his parents

on the day fixed? After dismounting from his horse, what did he do? What did some of the young guests do? What did Kurzhagen say to these? Whose ears did the behaviour of the brave captain of horse to his parents reach? What did the king ask him in order to try him still further? What did Kurzhagen reply? What did the king say to him after this?

XXIX.—WILL THOSE DREAMS COME TRUE?

Ac-cru'e, arise.

At-ta'in, reach.

Dig-ni-ty, honour.

E-lu'de, escape from.

En-rap'tured, delighted.

Fre-quent-ly, often.

Mir-a'-ges, scenes without reality.

Pru'-dent, careful.

Re'-al-ize, render true

Spe-cu-la'-tions, plans for gaining money.

Thou art dreaming, gentle maiden,
Of a calm and happy life,
Of a loving friend to shield thee
From dull care and want and strife.
Oh! how radiant looks the future,
Oh! how fair in every view;—
Thou art dreaming, gentle maiden,
But will all those dreams come true?

Thou art dreaming, youthful student,
Of celebrity and fame,
Of the honours that shall cluster
Round about thy lowly name;
Of the rich and varied pleasures
Which full soon thy path shall strew:—
Thou art dreaming, youthful student,
But will all those dreams come true?

Thou art dreaming, busy merchant,
Of thy ships far out at sea,
And those prudent speculations
Which shall bring great wealth to thee ;
Of the dignity, the comfort
Which shall from that wealth accrue :—
Thou art dreaming, busy merchant,
But will all those dreams come true ?

Thou art dreaming, happy mother,
Of the darlings at thy side,
And thy baby girl appeareth
As a fair and graceful bride ;
And thy boy, as grown to manhood,
Honoured much by not a few :—
Thou art dreaming, happy mother,
But will all those dreams come true ?

Ah ! how frequently does sorrow
Put such dreams to rapid flight,
As our waking moments banish
Brightest visions of the night ;
All the scenes which fancy pictures
To our fond enraptured glance,
Like mirages will elude us,
As we to them near advance.

And even if we do attain them,
Grasping our much longed-for prize,
Ah ! how very, very seldom
We our hopes can realize ;
Then, while with an ardent footstep
We our fancied bliss pursue,
Let us ever ask the question,
“But will all these dreams come true ?”

Anon.

In the sandy deserts of Africa, travellers oppressed with thirst often believe they see before them beautiful lakes of water, but on hastening towards them they disappear from view. These lakes are only reflections of the sun's rays on the burning sands, and are called “mirages.”

XXX.—DISOBEDIENCE CURED.

Conq'-uer, overcome.
 De-ci'd-ed, determined.
 Grat'-i-fy, please.
 Haz'-ards, risks.

Man'-i-fest-ed, showed.
 Sub-du'e, conquer
 Suf'-fering, pain.
 Un-a-vail-ing, of no effect.

A GENTLEMAN, sitting by his fireside one evening, with his family around him, took the spelling-book and called upon one of his little sons to come and read. John was about five years old. He knew all the letters of the alphabet perfectly, but he happened at that moment to be in rather a sullen mood, and did not care to gratify his father. Very unwillingly he came as he was bid, but when his father pointed to the first letter of the alphabet, and said, "What letter is that, John?" he could get no answer. John looked upon the book sulky and silent. "My son," said the father in a cheerful voice, "you know the letter A." "I cannot say A," answered the child. "You must say A," said the father, in a serious and decided tone. "What letter is that?" John refused to answer.

The father knew it would be ruinous to his son to conquer. He felt that he must at all hazards subdue him. He took him into another room and punished him. He then returned, and again showed John the letter. But John still refused to name it.

Again the father retired and punished him very severely, and still the child, sobbing and trembling, refused to yield. At this moment the father's feelings were most acute. His heart was bleeding at the pain which he had been compelled to inflict on

his son. If the temper which he manifested at such early years were not now subdued, it would be so confirmed that no after training would be of any value. With a heavy heart, the father again took the hand of his son to lead him out of the room for further punishment. But this time, to his great joy, the child shrunk from enduring any more suffering, and cried, "Father, I'll tell the letter." The father took the book, and pointed to the letter. "A," said John, distinctly and fully. The rest of the alphabet was read through without further trouble.

The rest of the children were sitting by. They saw the contest, and they saw where was the victory; and John learned a lesson which he never forgot; he learned never again to wage such an unequal warfare; he learned that it was the safest and happiest course for him to obey.—*Abbott.*

DICTIONARY.

In the following words *ph* sounds *f*:—Alphabet, phantom, nephew, sophist, Stephen, Philip, phial, philosophy, pheasant, phaeton, phrase, seraph.

Supply the words omitted in—Say the to me. A is only a shadow. The uncle loves his and his niece. The does not reason correctly. The boy is very clever. Tell to lend me his book.	Give the to the doctor. He thinks by studying he will become wise. The was shot by the game-keeper. His new is very elegant. The is not complete. The is an angel.
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QUESTIONS.

How old was John? What was it he knew? What did he happen to be in at that moment? Whom did he not care to gratify? When the father said you know the letter A, what did the child answer? What did the father say in a serious and decided tone? What did the father know? What did he feel that he must at all hazards do?	What did the father do with John? How often had he to punish him before he would yield? When the father was about to take John out for punishment the third time, what did he cry? What was it the rest of the children saw? What was it John learned? What was the safest and happiest course for him?
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XXXI.—THE PLOUGHSHARE OF OLD ENGLAND.

Bul'-wark, stronghold.
 En-twi'ne, twist together.
 Ling'-ers, remains.
 Pled'ge, wish well to.

Saf'-ron, deep yellow.
 Te'm-ing, well filled.
 Un-shac'-kled, unhindered.
 Un-sul'-lied, unspeckled.

THE sailor boasts his stately ship,
 The bulwark of the isle,
 The soldier loves his sword, and sings
 Of tented plains the while;



But we will hang the ploughshare up
 Within our father's halls,
 And guard it as the deity
 Of plenteous festivals.
 We'll pluck the brilliant poppies,
 And the far-famed barley-corn,

To entwine with bursting wheat-ears
 That out-shine the saffron morn.
 We'll crown it with a glowing heart,
 And pledge our fertile land,
 The ploughshare of Old England,
 And the sturdy peasant band.

The work it does is good and blest,
 And may be proudly told ;
 We see it in the teeming barns,
 And fields of waving gold.
 Its metal is unsullied,
 No blood-stain lingers there ;
 "God speed the plough" and let it thrive,
 Unshackled everywhere.
 The bark may rest upon the wave,
 The spear may gather dust,
 But never may the prow that cuts
 The furrow lie and rust.
 Fill up, fill up with glowing heart,
 And pledge our fertile land,
 The ploughshare of Old England,
 And the sturdy peasant band.

Eliza Cook.

DICTIONATION.

Bull, pull, full, put ; plough, bough ; rough, tough, enough ;
 cough, trough ; though, dough ; through.

Supply the words omitted in—The	have	of bread. His	arises
grazes among the cows. Will you	from a cold. Fill the pig's	with	
off my boots? The can is of milk.	food. Even he goes he will not		
Go and on your coat. Can you	get money. The when baked		
a field? Break a off the	becomes bread. The ship cuts		
tree. The sea is with the wind.	the water.		
Leather is , but paper is not. I			

QUESTIONS.

What does the sailor boast? What	What part of the plough is the share?
is the stately ship here called? What	What is meant by the words "Fields
isle is meant? What does the soldier	of waving gold"? What is meant by
love? What weapon is more commonly	"the prow that cuts the furrow"?
in the hands of soldiers than a sword?	

XXXII.—GEORGE WILSON, A PAUPER WHO BECAME A MAN OF SCIENCE.

Ben-e-fac'tor, kind friend.	Mus'ter, gather up.
Cal-cu-la'tions, reckonings with figures.	Or'-phan, child without father or mother.
Cler'-gy-man, minister of religion.	Pre'-mi-um, reward.
Cou'r-age, boldness.	Prob'-lem, difficult question in mathematics.
In-tro-du'ced, made known.	Sci'-ence, exact knowledge.
Math-e-ma-ti'-cian, person skilled in the science of numbers and quantity.	Ul'-ti-mate-ly, at last.

GEORGE WILSON was an inmate of Hartford Poor-house, in New England. He was a small child, with rather pale cheeks, but large open brow ; he was formed more for thought than action. He had neither father nor mother to care for him, but his pleasing manners had gained for him the love of an old pauper, named Gaffer, who taught him the letters of the alphabet, and told him how many delightful things he would come to know when he had learned to read good books. But the old man died, and no other inmate took any interest in the friendless boy.

The unkindness with which he was treated made poor George run away from the workhouse. He knew of no home in the wide world, but he had hope that some person would take him to run errands, for he desired much to make himself useful to any one who would teach him to read. He had met a good many people after leaving the workhouse, but none to whom he could muster courage enough to speak ; and he stood gazing at the tall spire of a church, not knowing what to do. At

this moment an old gentleman in black clothes, with a broad-brimmed hat, and silver buckles on the knees of his breeches, approached the spot where he stood. "Please, sir," said the orphan, "do you know any one who wishes a little boy to run errands, and who will teach him to read."

Struck by the strangeness of the request, the old gentleman stopped and looked at the boy. "Poor child," said he, "and why do you wish to read?"

"That I may know about the world, and men, and the stars above, and angels, and heaven. Old Gaffer told me that men's souls spoke in books, and that these books will enable me to become wise and good. I wish to know about many things, and if you take me and teach me to read I will serve you with all my heart."

"I will," said the old gentleman, who was a clergyman; and he took the boy home to his own house, and brought him up among his children as his own son.

Little George, by his loving ways, was greatly beloved by his benefactor's children, and helped to make their home more happy. In return he obtained his heart's desire. He was taught to read, to write, and to count. By and by he learned to be a cabinet-maker, and became a most skilful workman. He delighted in making calculations, and ultimately discovered a method of solving a problem for which the Emperor Napoleon had offered a valuable prize. He went to France, and was introduced to the late Louis Philippe, who was then

king, and he, being a mathematician himself, did not fail to admire the genius of the young American.

With the prize which he had so nobly won, and presents from the French monarch, George Wilson next proceeded to the Royal Society in England, where he obtained a similar premium for the same solution.

He returned to America; but the Emperor of Russia had heard of his fame as a mathematician, and invited him to come to St. Petersburg. He accepted the invitation, and was at once appointed Professor of Mathematics there. His career is a bright example of what diligence in acquiring knowledge will do for youth. As a child he was a charity boy; in after life he was a famous man of science, and the favourite of an emperor.

DICTION.

Divide the following words into syllables so as to make each syllable show the pronunciation as nearly as possible, and mark the accented syllable:—Alphabet, delightful, unkindness, errands, useful, courage, gentleman, approached, strangeness, clergyman, benefactor, calculations, ultimately, discovered, valuable, mathematician, invitation, diligence.

QUESTIONS.

<p>Of what poorhouse was George Wilson an inmate? What kind of child was he? What kind of manners had he? What did his pleasing manners gain for him? What did Gaffer teach him? What did he tell him he would come to know when he had learned to read good books? When Gaffer died what did no other inmate take? What caused him to run away from the workhouse? What did he hope some person would take him to do? What did he desire much? What did he stand gazing at? Who approached him at this moment? How was</p>	<p>the old gentleman dressed? What did the orphan say to the old gentleman? What did the old gentleman say to him? What did the boy wish to know about? If the gentleman would teach him to read, how did George say he would serve him? Where did the gentleman take him to? Where did he bring him up? By whom was little George greatly beloved? Why was he so beloved? What did he learn to be? What did he delight in making? What did he discover? Who appointed him to be a professor? What was he when a child? What was he when a man?</p>
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XXXIII.—BE EARNEST IN EFFORT.

A-bun'-dance great plenty.

A-chie'-ved, accomplished.

Ar'-dent-ly, eagerly

Es-chew, avoid.

Ex-cep'-tions, things different.

Il-lus'-tri-ous, famous.

Nu'-mer-ous, many.

Ob-scu're, unknown.

Per-chan'ce, perhaps.

Pleb'-e'-ian, vulgar.

Plod'-ding, slow but sure.

Sanc'-ti-fied, holy.

Be earnest in effort, in purpose be wise,

Whate'er your condition may be ;

Nor deem it impossible ever to rise

To a station of higher degree.

For plebeian toil has oft earned the spoil

Of riches and fame as its due ;

And what has been done in the race that you run

May perchance be achieved by you too.

Success without merit was never the rule,

Though numerous exceptions abound ; .

And he would be thought little else than a fool,

Who would seek it where seldom 'tis found.

The sower shall reap, and the winner shall keep

The rewards that to virtue ensue ;

And what has been won in the race that you run

May perchance be achieved by you too.

The plodding and patient, though mean and obscure,

Of all are most worthy to lead ;

The diligent hand shall abundance secure,

While the faithless shall never succeed.

So success to deserve you must strain every nerve,

And the course of the sluggard eschew ;

For what has been done in the race that you run,

May perchance be achieved by you too.

In the proud roll of history's illustrious names,

Most honoured in age or in youth,

Are heroes of peace and of sanctified aims

In the service of love and of truth.

Then a niche with the brave do you ardently crave?
 The same path you must strive to pursue,
 And what has been won in the race that you run,
 May perchance be achieved by you too.

DICTATION

Syllable and accent the following words :—Purpose, condition impossible, plebeian, numerous, exceptions, patient, sluggard honoured.

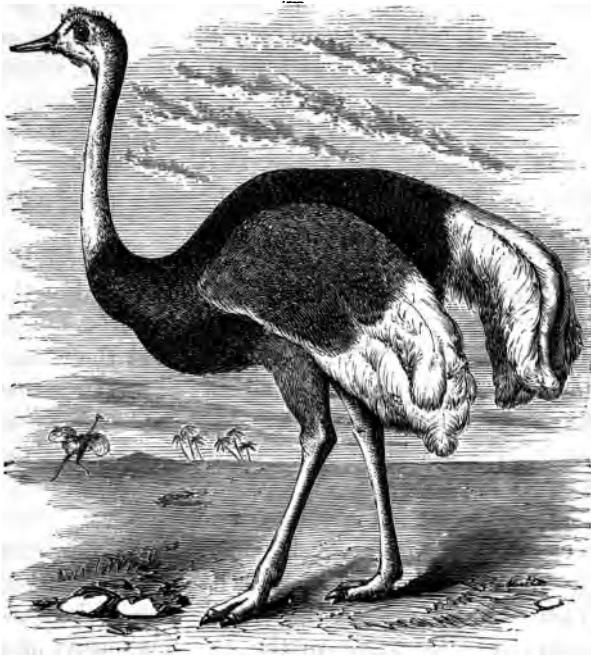
XXXIV.—THE OSTRICH.

Ad'-ult, full grown.	In-cu-ba'-tion, time of hatching.
A'n-cients, people of old times.	Pro-tect', defend.
Cir'-cu-lar, round.	Quad'-ru-ped, four-footed beast.
Con-sists', is made up of.	Re-gard'-ed, looked upon.
De-sig'ned, intended.	Suf-fi'-cient, enough.
Fre'-quent-ly, often.	W'ind-ings, turnings.

OSTRICHES were regarded by the ancients as partly bird and partly beast. The large thighs without feathers are more like those of a quadruped than of a bird ; added to which, the foot is formed very like that of the camel ; hence it was at one time called the camel-bird.

Like the camel, this bird inhabits the sandy desert, beneath the burning sun. It is found roaming over the arid plains of Arabia and Africa. Several ostrich hens lay all their eggs together in one nest, which is formed by merely scraping up the sand, and making a circular hollow about the size one hen can cover. The hens relieve each other in the duty of hatching during the day ; and the male takes his turn at night, when his greater strength is required to protect the eggs or the young from the attacks of jackals, tiger-cats, and other

enemies. These animals are often found lying dead near the nest, killed by a blow from the foot of this powerful bird.



As many as sixty eggs are sometimes found in and near an ostrich's nest; but a smaller number is more common. Each female lays from twelve to sixteen eggs. They continue to lay during incubation, and even after the young birds are hatched; the eggs thus laid are not placed in the nest, but

around it, and are said to be designed to feed the young birds until they are old enough to eat and digest the hard food on which the old birds feed.

The food of the ostrich consists of the tops of shrubby plants, seeds, and grain; strange to say, however, it will swallow greedily sticks, stones, pieces of metal, leather, and other substances, which sometimes cause its death. Probably these substances are taken into the stomach to grind the hard food which it has eaten, even as the common barn-door hens pick up little pebbles and bits of glass for a similar purpose.

It takes from thirty-six to forty days to hatch the young ostriches, but in the middle of the day the nest is often left by all the birds, as the heat of the sun is then sufficient to keep the eggs at the proper warmth. This gave rise to a belief at one time that the ostrich did not sit on her eggs to hatch them, but left the sun to do the work which she was too heedless to perform.

When the ostrich is young, its flesh is very good to eat, and its eggs are also excellent. If, however, the birds discover that the eggs have been disturbed in the nest, they break them all, and leave the spot; hence the natives remove the eggs by means of a long stick, so as to make the birds continue to lay for some time. The voice of the ostrich is a hoarse sort of chuckle, but it is said to utter at night a roaring somewhat like that of the lion.

The height of the adult male is from seven to eight feet. The beautiful feathers, which are so highly valued by ladies, are got from the wings and

tail. It can run so swiftly that no horse could overtake it, if it did not frequently run in a zig-zag course, which enables the hunter to come up with it by his keeping in a straight line, instead of following all the windings made by the bird.—*That's it.*

DICTATION.

Syllable and accent the following words—Ostriches, ancients, feathers, quadruped, camel, inhabits, Arabia, several, together, enemies, stomach, perform, natives, continue.

QUESTIONS.

What did the ancients regard ostriches as? What are their large thighs without? What is the ostrich formed very like? What name did the ostrich at one time get? What place does this bird inhabit? In what countries is it found roaming about? How is the ostrich's nest formed? How many lay their eggs in one nest? What size is the nest? What do the hens do for each other during the day? Whether do the males or females sit on the eggs at night? What do the males protect the eggs and young from at night? Where are these animals often found lying dead? By what have they been killed? How many eggs are sometimes found in and near a nest? How many eggs does each female lay? What are the eggs placed around and outside of

the nest designed to do? What does the food of the ostrich consist of? What does the ostrich swallow greedily? For what purpose are these substances taken into the stomach? What do common hens pick? How long does it take to hatch the young ostriches? When is the nest often left by all the birds? What belief did this give rise to? How do the natives remove the eggs from the nest? What kind of voice has the ostrich at night? What is the height of the adult male? From what parts of the bird are the beautiful ostrich feathers so highly valued by ladies obtained? How swiftly can it run? In what course does the ostrich frequently run? What does the hunter do in order to come up with it?

XXXV.—THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

Bau'-bles, toys.

Fu'-ri-ous, very angry.

Gos'-sa-mer, gauze-like.

Pur-su'e, chase.

Vig'-our, strength.

Vo'-ta-ries, worshippers.

ONE bright summer morning, all sunny and gay,
Little John took his cap, and then went out to play.
He roved o'er the meadows, now laughed, and now sang,
Till the woods and the hills with his melody rang,
The birds seemed to answer his songs from each tree,
Oh how happy, how merry, how joyful was he!

A butterfly passed him—a beautiful thing—
It had purple and gold on its gossamer wing ;
It shone in the sun as it journeyed along,
More bright than the flowers that it fluttered among.
The boy was delighted, and longed to pursue,
So he pulled off his cap, and then after it flew.

The butterfly still fluttered on through the vale,
The little boy followed, now panting and pale,
And often he tried, with a furious blow,
To smite the poor innocent butterfly low.
His efforts were vain, for the insect flew on,
Until all his vigour and patience were gone.

The butterfly now seemed beginning to tire,
And stopped by a ditch full of nettles and mire,
When little John sprang like a wolf on his prey,
Falling plump in the mud, while his fly flew away ;
And now by the nettles all blistered and stung,
No longer that little boy capered and sung.

With clothes daubed with mud, and with hands black as
ink,

Poor little John now took a moment to think ;
In his tears then he said, I have sure been to blame
To waste all this time at so foolish a game ;
To run so, and toil so, and take so much care
To catch a poor insect because it was fair.

Just thus will the world's giddy baubles tempt all,
Just thus are their votaries likely to fall.
When the boy grows a man, then will honour or fame,
Or wealth, power, or gold, set his heart in a flame ;
But let him beware, lest, too eager to gain,
He may lose what he longs for, and get shame and pain.

Anon.

SECTION III.

XXXVI.—THE FORTUNE-TELLER'S SECRET.

Coun'-te-nance, face.	Proph'-e-sy, foretell.
Des'-tined, intended.	Prov'-id-ent, careful.
En-ter-ta'in-ing, amusing.	Reck'-oned, counted.
In-junc'-tion, order.	Re-sist', withstand.
In-tel'-li-gen-cers, informers.	Tol'-er-a-ble, passable.
Mis-for'-tunes, ill luck.	Un-né'-ces-sa-ry, not needed.
Pro-fes'-sion, employment.	Wag, a comic fellow.

THE beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of a hat, asked charity of Harley. His dog began to beg too. It was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, asked Harley if he wanted to have his fortune told. Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar, and said, "I would much rather learn what it is in your power to tell me. Your trade must be an entertaining one. Sit down on the stone, and let me know something of your profession. I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself."

"I was a labourer, sir," said the beggar, "and gained as much as to make me live. I never laid by, indeed, for I was reckoned a piece of a wag; and your wags, I take it, are seldom provident, Mr. Harley."

"So," said Harley, "you seem to know me."

"Ay, there are few folks in the country that I

don't know something of: how should I tell fortunes else?"

"True; but to go on with your story. You were a labourer, you say, and a wag. Your industry, suppose, you left with your old trade; but your humour you preserve to be of use to you in your new."

"What signifies sadness, sir? A man grows lazier; but I was brought to my idleness by degrees. First, I could not work, and it went against my stomach ever after. I was seized with a fever, at the house where I lay took fire, and was burned to the ground. I was carried out in that condition and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I grew the better of my disease, however; but I was so weak that I spit blood whenever I attempted work. Thus I was forced to beg my bread, and in that sorry trade I found it. I told all my misfortune truly, but I was seldom believed; and the few who gave me a halfpenny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to tell my long story. In short, I found that people cared not to give alms without some security for their money. A wooden leg or a withered arm is a sort of a draught upon heaven for those who choose to have the money placed to account there; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortune, began to prophesy happiness to others. This I found by much the better way: folk will always listen when the tale is their own; and of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible

effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintances; friendships and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbours; and indeed people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose. They dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what he wishes to believe; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerable good memory, and some share of cunning, with the help of walking at night over heaths and churchyards, and showing the tricks of that little dog, I make shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the honestest; yet people are not much cheated, neither, who give a few half-pence for a prospect of happiness which I have heard some persons say is all a man can arrive at in this world. But I must bid you good day, sir; for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm, or captains in the army—a question which I promised to answer them by that time.”—*Man of Feeling*.

DICTATION.

In the word *prophecy* the letters *ph* have the same sound as *f*. Find out from the dictionary other six words which have *ph* equal to *f*.

QUESTIONS.

<p>What did the beggar pull off when he asked charity? What had Harley destined for him? What did the beggar ask Harley if he wanted to know? What did Harley wish rather to know? What had the beggar been seized with? What happened to the house in which he lay sick? What was he carried out</p>	<p>into? What happened whenever he attempted to work? What was he then forced to do? As he got little by begging what did he begin to prophesy? When will people always listen? What was the beggar going to tell the boarding-school young ladies? Was he able to prophesy to them?</p>
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XXXVII.—THE CHILD AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Grim-a'ce, wry face.
 Pas'-sions, ill-feelings.
 Shat'-tered, broken.
 Stra'ight-way, immediately.
 Sum'-moned, asked to go away.
 Sup-press'ed, put down.

Te'ase, provoke.
 Tra'ced, formed like a picture.
 Tran-qui-li'se, soothe.
 Va'-ri-ous, different.
 Vis'-ion-a-ry, imaginary.
 Wrath'-ful, angry.

THE little hero of my tale,
 Brought up in a retired vale,
 Was summoned from his native green,
 To visit friends he ne'er had seen ;
 He viewed the various objects o'er
 Which he had not beheld before.

A looking-glass beside him placed
 His face and figure straightway traced ;
 With pleasure he the image sees,
 And then in sport he tries to tease ;
 Before the glass he twists his face,
 The shadow makes the same grimace,
 And when with rage he lifts his fist,
 He sees the wrathful form resist ;
 At length of empty threats grown tired,
 Revenge his kindling bosom fired,
 And at the visionary foe,
 He fiercely aims an angry blow ;
 His wounded hand feels very sore,
 And soon with blood is covered o'er.

Trembling with agony and rage,
 Determined still the war to wage,
 Again he strikes the shattered glass,
 And then to grief his passions pass.

His watchful mother, who had been
 Gazing a moment on the scene,
 Thus kindly spoke, " Dry up your tears
 And tranquillise a mother's fears ;
 In fact it was your own grimace
 That raised the same ill natured face ;

But now you smile, please look again,
 And learn your passion was in vain ;
 For when your cheek with laughter glows,
 The same delight your image shows ;
 A friendly hand to you he gives
 For that which he from you receives ;
 Nor does resentment warm his breast,
 Since you that feeling have suppress'd.

This is a lesson all mankind,
 As well as you, should bear in mind—
 That for ill deeds we must expect
 An ill return, or cold neglect ;
 While goodness always finds a friend,
 And virtue will with virtue blend."—*Florian*.

DICTATION.

View, new, dew, few, Jew, chew, mew, curlew, curfew

Supply the words omitted in—He	money. The cow can	the cud.
went to the spot. Here is my	The cat will	when hungry. The
hat. The wets the grass. Give	screams loudly. The	tolls
me a pease. The lends him	the knell of parting day.	

XXXVIII.—A FORTUNE FOR A PIN.

Ap-ply-ca-tion, request for em-	Em'-in-ence, high honour.
ployment.	Em-ploy'-ment, work.
Cap-a-ci-ty, power of mind.	Fur'-nished, supplied.
Cap'i-tal-ist, man who lends	In-tel'-li-gence, knowledge. .
money for interest.	Ob-ser'-ved, noticed.
Char'-ac-tar, qualities.	Pro-pri'-e-tor, owner.
De-par'-ture, going away.	Ush'-ered, led.
E-con'-o-my, carefulness.	Va'-can-cy, empty place.

It was in the year 1788 that Lafitte first came to Paris, in the hope of obtaining an humble situation in a banking house. Furnished with a letter of introduction, he waited on the rich Swiss banker, Perregaux. The young man, poor and friendless, timid and careworn, was ushered into the presence

of the wealthy capitalist, and in a modest manner requested employment.

"I cannot admit you into my office, at least for the present," replied the banker, "every place being occupied, and I do not expect there will be any vacancy for a long time to come."

The young man bowed and left the room. While crossing the court yard, with drooping head, and his heart sinking with grief, he observed a pin on the ground; stooping down, he lifted it and placed it carefully in the corner of his coat.

The banker had, from the window of his apartment, watched the departure of the youth, and being a man who judged the character of others from their actions, he was at once favourably disposed to Lafitte when he saw him take up the pin. "A young man," said the banker to himself, "who can thus store a pin must be possessed of order and economy, and will certainly make a worthy clerk."

The same evening the banker sent a letter to Lafitte, saying that on thinking over his application, he had found that he could give him a situation in his office, and requested him to enter on his duties immediately.

The banker was not mistaken in the opinion he had formed of the young pin collector. Lafitte displayed a capacity and intelligence beyond what his employer had ever expected. From a clerk, he speedily advanced to be cashier, and at length, after becoming a partner in the bank, Lafitte himself rose to be proprietor of the largest and wealthiest bank in Paris. Besides this good fortune, he was

elected a Deputy of the people, and chosen President of the Council of Ministers, the highest honour to which a citizen could aspire.

But for the fact that Lafitte had been observed lifting a pin, he would not have been employed by the Swiss banker, and might never have risen to eminence. After his elevation, he who did not disdain to pick a pin from the ground, spent thousands of pounds in the cause of charity.

Perregaux did not probably foresee that the young man who carefully stored up a pin could, in the future, be so generous of his riches. But the person who dislikes to see anything going to waste is most likely to be inspired with true generosity. Never were riches more strangely and worthily obtained than by Lafitte, and never was there any one who made a better use of them.

Parlour Literature.

Perregaux is pronounced as if it were Per'-re-go. "Favourably disposed to," desiring much to aid. "Deputy of the people," Member of the French parliament. "President of the Council of Ministers," highest officer of state, Prime Minister.

DICTION.

Honour, honest, hour, hostler, heir, herb, humour.

Supply the words omitted in—He	ago. The	is in the stable.
obtained for his good deeds.	The	should be respected.
He who is gives every man	This	is very wholesome. The
his own. I saw him about an	boy is in ill	

QUESTIONS.

When did Lafitte first come to Paris?	him? What was he to enter on
From whom did he request employment?	immediately? What was the banker
What did the banker say to him?	not mistaken in? What did Lafitte
What did Lafitte observe while crossing the court yard?	display? What did Lafitte speedily
What did he do with the pin?	advance to be? What did he after-
From what did the banker judge the character of others?	wards become proprietor of? What
When he saw Lafitte take up the pin	was he elected to be? If Lafitte had
what did he say to himself?	not been observed lifting the pin what
What did the banker do the same evening?	would he not have been? After his
What did he say he could now give	elevation what did he spend in
	charity?

XXXIX.—THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

OH! the old, old clock of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing and neatest,
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime ran still the sweetest.
'Twas a monitor too; though its words were few
Yet they lived though nations altered;
And its voice still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered.
"Tick, tick," it said, "quick, quick to bed,
I give you timeous warning;
Up, up, and go—or else, you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning."

A friendly voice had that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling.
But a cross old voice had that old, old clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly.
"Tick, tick," it said, "quick out of bed,
For five I've given warning;
You'll ne'er have health—you'll ne'er have wealth—
Unless you rise soon in the morning."

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never,
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost for ever.
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and stronger;
Its hands still move, though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer.
"Tick, tick," it said, "to the churchyard bed,
The graves have given warning;
Then up and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a Heavenly Morning."—*Anon.*

XL.—DRIVING BEES.

A-ban'-doned, given up.	Ex-hib'-it-ed, shown.
Com-ple'te-ly, entirely.	Ex-tract'-ing, drawing out.
De-stroy'-ed, killed.	Re-gard'-ing, looking at.
De-vo't-ed to, employed in.	Re-tre'-at, run back.
Dis-tinct'-ly, clearly.	Re-vol'-ve, wheel round.
Dis-turb'-ance, movement.	Un-pro-tect'-ed, not covered.

IN former times all the bees in a hive had to be destroyed before the honey could be got. This cruel method has now been abandoned, and the honey is got without killing a single bee. The new mode was publicly exhibited at a Bee Show in the Crystal Palace, near London, in September, 1874, and is thus described :—

A few puffs from a pipe caused the bees to retreat among the combs, and the hive was gently turned upside down. A new and empty hive was then placed above the other so as to cover it completely. Then the chief beemaster drummed with his fist upon the lower hive, and waited for the rush of the bees to the upper hive.

At the first disturbance of their hive the bees had all run to fill their bags with honey. Thus they were heavy and good-tempered, and even those who escaped through the gap between the two hives did not sting the beemaster, although his face and hands were unprotected.

After the lapse of a few minutes a rushing sound was heard. This proved that the bees had begun to move upwards. Whenever the queen-bee passed up the others immediately followed. It was now safe to lift up the edge of the top hive, so that what

was going on inside could be distinctly seen. Like soldiers swarming up the walls of a city which they were about to take by storm, the bees were seen hurrying upwards in thousands, climbing over each other's bodies several deep, without ever regarding the open space between the two hives by which they might easily have escaped into the open air.

The combs were then taken out of the old and deserted hive, and put in frames into a machine for extracting the honey. This machine is turned rapidly round by a handle, and the speed with which it makes the combs revolve drives all the honey out of the cells. As the honey flies out of the combs it is dashed against the inside of the vessel, and falls down to the bottom, whence it drops into the jar placed below to collect it.

The next thing is to tie up with tape the old combs, some emptied of their honey, and some still full, in new frames, and to place them in the new hive. In twenty-four hours, or at most forty-eight, the tape will be no longer needed, for the bees with cement and wax will have built the combs into the new frames, and will quickly proceed to fill them anew with honey. By thus making use a second time of the old combs the time of the bees is saved, and they give to honey-making the precious days of summer, which would otherwise require to be devoted to the building up of fresh waxen cells. The whole process of driving the bees from the old to the new hive occupied less than an hour's time.

DICTATION.

Note that in the following words *e* is irregular, having the name sound of *a* before the vowel *i*; *gh* is silent:—

Inveigh, weigh, neigh, neighbour; eight, weight, freight.

Supply the words omitted in—Do	befriend you. Give him	pence.
not so against your friend. I	The	was put on board the ship.
will a pound of sugar. These	This	is very heavy.
horses very loud. Your	will	

QUESTIONS.

In former times what had to be done to the bees before the honey could be got? How is the honey now got? Where was the new method publicly exhibited? When was it exhibited? What did a few puffs from a pipe cause the bees to do? What was then done with the hive? What was put on the top of the old hive? What did the chief beemaster then do? What did the bees do at the first disturbance? What were they then? After the lapse of a few minutes what was heard? What did this prove? Whenever the queen bee passed upwards what did the others do? What was now safe to do? What were the bees like? What were they seen doing? When the bees had all gone up to the new hive what was done with the combs? What extracted the honey from the combs? What does the honey drop into? What are the combs tied up with? In from twenty-four to forty-eight hours what will the bees have done? What will they quickly proceed to do? By using the old combs a second time what is saved? What do the bees give to honey-making? How long did it take to drive the bees from the one hive to the other?

XII.—LIGHT FOR ALL.

You cannot pay with money
 The million sons of toil—
 The sailor on the ocean,
 The peasant on the soil,
 The labourer in the quarry,
 The hewer of the coal;
 Your money pays the hand,
 But it cannot pay the soul.

You gaze on the cathedral
 Whose turrets meet the sky;
 But remember the foundations
 Down in earth and darkness lie.
 For, were not those foundations
 Resting deep and darkly there,
 Its towers could never rise so high
 And proudly in the air.

The workshop must be crowded
That the palace may be bright;
If the ploughman did not plough,
The author could not write.
Then let every toil be hallowed
Which man performs for man,
And have its share of honour
As part of one great plan.

The light darts down from heaven,
And enters where it may;
The eyes of all earth's people,
Are cheered with one bright day.
Then let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill the souls of men,
As the waters fill the sea.

The man who turns the soil,
Need not have an earthy mind;
The digger 'mid the coal,
Need not be in spirit blind:
The mind can shed a light
On each worthy labour done,
As lowliest things are bright
In the radiance of the sun.

What cheers the musing student,
The poet, the divine?—
But the thought that for his followers,
A lovelier day will shine,
When the earth shall be a temple,
Where every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

From the German.

XLII.—WANTED, AN HONEST BOY.

Ad-ver'tise-ment, public notice.	In-dus'-tri-ous, diligent.
De-scrip'-tion, character.	Stē'ad-y, regular at work.
Hon'-est, faithful to duty.	Tes'-ti-fy, bear witness.

IN newspapers and in shop-windows you will often see the advertisement, "Wanted, an honest, industrious, steady boy." This conveys to every boy a fine moral lesson. Such a boy will always be wanted. He will be sought for; his services will be in demand; he will be respected and loved; he will be spoken of in terms of the highest praise; he will always have a home, and will grow up to be a man esteemed and honoured by all who know him.

He will be wanted. The merchant will want him for a salesman, a clerk, or a partner; the master mechanic will want him for an apprentice, a journeyman, or a foreman; those who have jobs to let will want him for their contractor; clients will want him for their lawyer; patients will want him for their doctor; pious people will want him for their minister; parents will want him as a teacher for their children; and the general public will want him as their grocer, their clothier, and their shoemaker.

He will be wanted. Townsmen will want him as a citizen and a magistrate; acquaintances will want him as a neighbour; neighbours will want him as a friend; families will want him as a visitor; nay, girls will want him as a beau, and finally as a husband.

An honest, industrious, steady boy! Just think

of it, boys, will you answer this description? Can you apply for this situation? Are you sure that you will be wanted? You may be smart and active, but more than that is needed. You must be honest too. Are you very clever when you like to work? More than that is needed. You must be industrious, too—that is, you must attend to your duties at all times. You must not work by fits and starts. You must be steady.

You may apply for a good situation. Will your friends, teachers, and acquaintances testify that you possess these good qualities? If you have them not yet, begin at once to acquire them. Oh! how would you feel if, on applying for a good situation, you were told you could not get it because you had not learned to be honest, industrious, and steady. Nothing else will make up for lack of these qualities. Be honest, industrious, steady; then will your “calling and election” for place or profit be made sure.—*Cruet Stand.*

DICTION.

Separate the following words into syllables, and accent them :
—Newspapers, services, respected, honoured, apprentice, journeyman, contractor, minister, magistrate, acquaintances, neighbour, qualities.

QUESTIONS.

<p>What advertisement is often seen in newspapers and shop-windows? What does this convey to every boy? What will an honest, industrious, steady boy always be? How will he be spoken of? What will he always have? What will the merchant want him for? What will the master mechanic want him for? What will clients want him for? What will patients want him for?</p>	<p>What will pious people want him for? What will the general public want him for? What more is needed besides being smart and active? What more is needed besides being very clever? What is meant by being industrious? If you have not the good qualities named what must you do? If you are honest, industrious, and steady, what will happen.</p>
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XLIII.—O YE HOURS !

O ye hours ! ye sunny hours,
Floating lightly by,
Are ye come with birds and flowers,
Odours, and blue sky ?

Yes, we come, again we come,
Through the wood paths free,
Bringing many a wanderer home,
With the bird and bee.

O ye hours, ye sunny hours,
Are ye wafting song ?
Doth wild music stream in showers,
All the groves among ?

Yes, the nightingale is there,
While the starlight reigns,
Making young leaves and sweet air
Tremble with her strains.

O ye hours, ye sunny hours,
In your silent flow,
Ye are mighty, mighty powers,
Bring ye bliss or woe ?

Ask not this, oh ! seek not this,
Yield your hearts awhile,
To the soft wind's balmy kiss,
And the heaven's bright smile.

Throw not shades of anxious thought
O'er the glowing flowers ;
We are come with sunshine fraught—
Question not the hours.

Mrs. Hemans.

XLIV.—THE GORILLA.

Ad-van'ced, came forward.
Art-ists, painters.
At-tempt'-ed, tried.
De-fi'-ance, a challenge.
Fangs, large teeth.
Hid'-eous, very ugly.
Jun'-gle, short bushy trees.

Le'i-sure, plenty of time.
Paunch, belly.
Pres'-ent-ly, immediately.
Pro-ceed, come forth.
Swa'yed, moved backwards and forwards.
Vis'-ion, dream.

THE bushes swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood a large male gorilla. He had



gone through the jungle on all fours, but when he saw our party he stood erect, and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us.

Nearly six feet high, with large body, huge chest, great thick arms, large deep gray eyes, and a fierce expression of face—which seemed to me like some nightmare vision—thus stood before us this king of the African forest.

He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like a drum. This was his mode of offering defiance.

The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp bark like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass roar which closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky. So deep is it, that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as he stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he sent forth a thunderous roar. And now he reminded me of a being of that hideous order, half-man, half-beast, which we find in the pictures of old artists who have attempted to paint the inhabitants of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps, then stopped to utter that dreadful roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired and killed him.

With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook for a

few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body.—*Du Chaillu.*

"Nightmare vision," a frightful dream brought on by a stoppage of the circulation of the blood near the heart.

DICTATION.

Write out from a dictionary six words which end in *tion*, *sion*, *tious*, *cious*, *nce*, *use*.

QUESTIONS.

<p>What swayed rapidly just ahead? What presently stood before them? How had the gorilla gone through the jungle? When he saw the party what did he do? How far was he from them? How high was he? What kind of body, chest, arms, eyes, and expression of face had he? What is the gorilla here called? What was the gorilla's mode of offering defiance?</p>	<p>What does the roar of the gorilla begin with? What does it glide into? What does its voice then resemble? What were shown when he set up a thunderous roar? What did he resemble? As he advanced and roared, beating his breast in rage, what did they do to him? What had his groan in it? When death had done its work, what had they leisure to do?</p>
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XLV.—MY OWN FIRESIDE.

Chords, musical strings.
 Con'-cert, public singing.
 Mar'-vel, wonder.
 Plä'-cid, quiet.
 Rout, fashionable assembly.

Sanc'-tu-ary, holy shelter.
 Sphe're, boundary.
 Sym'-pa-thies, kindred feelings.
 Trap'-pings, ornaments.
 Ye'-arn-ings, longing desires.

LET others seek for empty joys
 At ball or concert, rout or play,
 Whilst far from fashion's idle noise,
 Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
 I while the winter eve away;
 'Twixt book and lute the hour divide,
 And marvel how I e'er could stray
 From thee, my own fireside.

My own fireside! these simple words
 Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;

Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
 And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
 What is there my wild heart can prize
 That doth not in thy sphere abide?
 Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
 My own—my own fireside.

A gentle form is near me now,
 A small white hand is clasp'd in mine;
 I gaze upon her placid brow,
 And ask what joys can equal thine?
 A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
 In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide—
 Where may love find a fitter shrine
 Than thou, my own fireside?

Oh! may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
 That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
 Thus ever guide my wandering feet
 To thy heart-soothing sanctuary;
 Whate'er my future years may be,
 Let joy or grief my fate betide,
 Be still an Eden bright to me,
 My own—my own fireside.

Alaric A. Watts.

"Eden," a place of happiness, because in the garden of Eden Adam and Eve were perfectly happy before they sinned.

"Haunt of my home-bred sympathies," a place to which the kindly thoughts bred by the pleasures of home often return.

"Sanctuary." In England, previous to the time of Henry VIII., certain churches were called sanctuaries, and when any person who had committed a crime fled into one of these, he was protected from punishment if within the space of forty days he gave signs of repentance. In Scotland, an ordinary debtor finds sanctuary or protection from imprisonment if he enters the precincts of Holyrood House in Edinburgh.

DICTIONARY.

Words in which *e* has its shut sound, although followed by a vowel :—Bread, head, lead, read, spread, stead, tread; breath, death; dearth, earth; health, stealth, wealth; earl, pearl; earn, learn, yearn; feather, leather, weather; jealous, zealous; measure, pleasure, treasure; peasant, pheasant, pleasant; heaven, leaven, heavy; threat, sweat; realm, search, rehearse.

XLVI.—THE TRUANT.

De-cep'-tion, cheating.
 De-struc'-tion, ruin.
 Dif-fi-cul-ties, hardships.
 Lag'-gard, loiterer.

La'-zi-ness, dislike to work.
 Oc-ca'-sions, causes.
 Pests, plagues.
 Shirk, slinks away from.

THERE never was a boy who was in the habit of playing truant when at school, and wasting the golden hours of youth, that ever became a great man. Most often the idler of early life is the lag-gard in the world's race. The truant at school often becomes a sneak and a coward, when he grows up. He never has the heart to work as other men work, and his constant laziness and desire to shirk his share of labour makes him hated by his fellows. He never has the heart to face and struggle against difficulties, whence it generally happens that his difficulties always increase, until he ends his days in poverty and disgrace. Truly happy is the child whom his parents' care saves from the dangers which wicked companions place in the path of boys and girls.

The reason why playing truant is so serious an evil, is not because it occasions the loss of a day or two at school, now and then, but because it is the beginning of a course of sin. It leads to bad company: for it is only the children of worthless parents who are allowed to run about uncared for during school hours; and such children, like their parents, become the pests of society. The truant, of course, soon becomes like the company he keeps; imitates their habits and evil courses; learns to swear and *fight as they do*, and even to steal. The first at-

tempt may be the taking of a turnip from a field, or a toy from a shop door. But these lead to greater crimes; which are sure, sooner or later, to end in disgrace. Truancy also leads to deception. The truant deceives his parents and his master, and must hide his fault by falsehood. Falsehood hardens the heart; opens the door to every other vice; and at last brings the poor victim to utter ruin.

Parents would do well to see that their children do not become truants. The beginning of evil has been truly compared to a mouse hole in a huge dam of water. It allows the water to ooze out at first in a very little stream. But the pressure from above wears the hole wider and wider, till in the end the embankment is undermined, and the sea of waters bursts down on the plain below, sweeping man and beast to swift destruction.

DICTATION.

Waste, waist; hours, ours; place, plaice; course, coarse; swear, sware; steal, steel; wears, wares; hole, whole; sea, see.

Supply the words omitted in:—
Those who will come to want.
He was up to the in water. The
of the day pass swiftly away.
These books are . The is a
flat fish. Take your in the class.
This is bread. The of the
river is winding. He an oath.

Will you it is true. The blade of
the knife is made of . To is
very sinful. He his clothes very
much. The packman sells his to
anybody. There is a in his stock-
ing. Give him the lot. You
the sun in a cloudless day. The
was very rough last night.

QUESTIONS.

Who never became a great man? What is the idler of early life most often? What does the truant at school often become? What has he never the heart to do? What does his laziness, and desire to shirk his share of labour, make him? What does he end his days in? What boy is truly happy? Why is playing truant so serious an evil? Whose children are allowed to run about uncared for during school hours? What do such

children become? What does the truant soon become? What does he imitate? What does he learn to do? What may his first attempt at stealing be? What do these lead to? Whom does the truant deceive? By what does he hide his fault? What does falsehood do? What has the beginning of evil been compared to? How does the water come out at first? What does the pressure of the water from above do?

XLVII.—RESIGNATION.

Af-fec-tion, love.	Im-pet-u-ous, rash.
Ang'-uish, distress of mind.	Mo'-urn-ings, lamentations.
As-suage, soothe.	Pol-lu'-tion, foul stain.
As-su-me, put on.	Pro-tec-tion, help.
Be-ne-dic-tions, blessings.	Sanc-ti-fy'-ing, making holy.
Ce-lest'-ial, heavenly.	Se-clu'-sion, retirement.
Clois'-ter's, holy place's.	Sub'-urb, outside dwelling.
Con-ce'al-ing, hiding.	Sup-pressed, kept down.
Dis-gui'se, change of appearance.	Ta'-pers, torches.
E-lys'-ian, heavenly.	Trans-Y'-tion, changing state.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there ;
 THERE is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
 But has one vacant chair.

THE earth is full of farewells to the dying,
 And mournings for the dead ;
 THE heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
 Will not be comforted.

LET us be patient—these severe afflictions
 Not from the ground arise ;
 BUT oftentimes celestial benedictions
 Assume this dark disguise.

WE see but dimly through the mist and vapours ;
 Amid those earthly damps,
 WHAT seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
 May be heaven's distant lamps ?

THERE is no death—what seems so is transition ;
 THIS life of mortal breath,
 IS but a suburb of the life Elysian
 Whose portal we call death.

SHE is not dead—the child of our affection—
 But gone unto that school
 WHERE she no longer needs our poor protection,
 And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
 By guardian angels led,
 Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
 She lives whom we call dead.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion,
 And anguish long suppressed ;
 The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
 That cannot be at rest ;

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
 We may not wholly stay ;
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing ;
 The grief that must have way.

Longfellow.

"Rachel," a name signifying a mother bereaved of her children by untimely death. This was the name of Jacob's wife, and was afterwards used to represent a mother among the Israelites.

XLVIII.—THE WIDOW'S COW.

Ac-qui'ed, gained.	Di-min'-ish, lessen.
A-mass'ed, gathered together.	E-con'-o-my, careful expenditure.
Bev'-er-age, pleasant drink.	In-cre'ase, add to.
Col-lect', gather.	Max'-im, clear principle.
Con-dit'-ion, state.	Mis-for'-tunes, ill-luck.
Dil'i-gence, constancy at work.	Not'i-riah-ment, food.

A WIDOW, named Veraine, lived with her two daughters in a condition bordering on poverty. What they earned by their labour was hardly enough to supply the necessities of life. To crown their misfortunes, one day, the cow which formed their chief means of support died, and their grief at the loss knew no bounds.

"Ah!" said they, "we must pray to God to send

us another cow. We never can collect as much money as will buy one."

"Do your own duty faithfully," said a sage neighbour, "and God will not fail to come to your aid."

"But what ought we to do?" asked widow Veraine.

Her neighbour replied: "In the first place, you must try to increase your income by working more diligently. You are all three skilful at spinning, knitting, and sewing. Work one or two hours longer each day, and you are certain to add a few pence to your daily wages. In the second place, you must diminish your expenses by a wise economy. Every morning you have for breakfast a beverage called tea. Although you do not take very much tea or sugar, yet these articles cost a good deal. Instead of tea prepare wholesome porridge, which contains much more real nourishment, and by this means you will save a few pence more. Hold steadily to these two practices—to lay by in the bank, first, whatever you have gained more than formerly; and, secondly, whatever you have saved over what you formerly expended, and very soon you will have enough to buy another cow.

Veraine and her daughter followed the sage advice, and at the end of a year they had amassed double the sum needed to purchase their cow. What is more, they had learned to improve their condition by diligence and economy, and soon they acquired an honest independence.

Then their neighbour said to them : " You now see that I was right. You will find this maxim always true :—

Who sits with folded arms when storms arise,
And hopes for shelter from the pitying skies,
Will see those hopes like summer rainbows fade :—
Who aids himself, alone will have God's aid.' "

From the French.

DICTATION.

Words in which *gh* sounds *f* :—Enough, rough, tough, slough ;
cough, laugh, laugh-ter.

Supply the words omitted in :—I	serpent is called	. He has a
have of money. The elephant	brought on	by a cold. You
has a skin. This is as as	should not	at him, for
leather. The old skin cast off by a	makes him angry.	

QUESTIONS.

How many daughters had widow Veraïne ? In what condition did they live ? What crowned their mis- fortunes ? What did they say they must do ? What did they say they could never collect ? What did a sage neighbour tell them to do ? How were they to increase their income ? What were they all skilful at ? By what means could they add a few pence to their daily wages ? What were they to diminish ? Instead of	tea and sugar what were they to take to breakfast ? Whether has tea or porridge most real nourishment in it ? What two practices were they to hold steadily to ? At the end of the year what had Veraïne and her daughters amassed ? By what means had they learned to improve their condition ? What did they soon acquire ? Repeat the maxim which concludes the lesson.
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XLIX.—I MUST NOT TEASE MY MOTHER.

I MUST not tease my mother,
For she is very kind ;
And every thing she says to me
I must directly mind.
For when I was a baby,
And could not speak or walk,
She let me in her bosom sleep,
And taught me how to talk.

I must not tease my mother,
 And when she likes to read,
 Or has the headache, I will step
 Most silently indeed.
 I will not choose a noisy play,
 Nor trifling troubles tell ;
 But sit down quietly by her side
 And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother ;
 I've heard dear father say,
 When I was in my cradle sick
 She nursed me night and day.
 She lays me in my little bed,
 She gives me clothes and food ;
 And asks for nothing in return,
 But that I should be good.

I must not tease my mother,
 She loves me all the day ;
 And she has patience with my faults,
 And teaches me to pray.
 How much I'll strive to please her—
 She every hour shall see ;
 For should she go away or die,
 What would become of me ?

Mrs. Sigourney.

L.—THE SETTING SUN.

Con-so'ling, comforting.
 De-ce'ased, dead.
 De-part'-ed, dead.
 Ex-cla'imed, cried out.
 Im-part'-ed, given.

Pre-scrib'ed, pointed out.
 Re-sur-rec'-tion, rising from the
 dead.
 Sud'-den-ly, quickly.
 Vis'-it, go to see.

At the close of a beautiful spring day, Selmar walked out over the fields, with his youngest son Gotthold, a boy of ten years of age. Their path led

them by the churchyard. The boy drew close to his father, and said, "Father, let us visit my dear mother's grave." They went thither, and hung fresh wreaths of forget-me-nots and evergreens upon the tombstone of the departed. Suddenly the boy exclaimed, "Father, look yonder in the west; how clear and beautiful the sun is setting!"

"And does it not seem to you," said his father, "as if he smiled kindly upon us—as if he would bid us farewell!" And a tear stood in the father's eye as he spoke.

"Why do you weep, father?" asked Gotthold.

And Selmar replied, "I was thinking of your early deceased mother; like the sun, she also laboured quietly and silently in her sphere, and when she had finished her course, and was about to die, her face was cheerful, and she smiled once more upon us."

These words touched the boy's soft heart; he clasped his father's hand, and said with a trembling voice, "But, father, why was it that mother was forced to leave us so soon?"

And the father replied, "Would you ask why the sun now sets? He has finished his day's course, he has imparted light and warmth to a whole world. He who prescribed to the sun his path, prescribed one also to your mother, and to us all. And if we have done good upon the earth, like the sun we shall end our course in joy. In the morning, when you behold that bright orb appear again, think then, my son, thus joyfully and happily will your mother rise again, and all the just with her."

The boy always remembered the consoling lesson, and as often as he beheld the sun set and rise, he thought of his mother's silent course, and of her resurrection to a new day.—*From the German.*

DICTIONARY.

Words in which i sounds e:—brie'f, chief, grie'f, lie'f, thie'f, fie'ld, wie'ld, yie'ld, bie'r, tie'r.

Supply the words omitted in—	He can	the fore-hammer.	You
He had a career. He is	must	to a higher power.	The
of the clan. There was great	dead man	was carried on a	
at his death. I had as do	There was a	of cannon round the	
it as not. The was caught in the	castle walls,		
act. This was sown with wheat.			

QUESTIONS.

What did Selmar do at the close of the beautiful spring day? Who was along with him? What did their road lead by? What did the boy say to his father? What did they hang on the tombstone? What did the boy suddenly exclaim? What did Selmar say the	sun seemed to do? What was the father thinking of? When the boy's mother was about to die, what was her face? If we have done good upon the earth, how shall we end our course? As often as the boy saw the sun set and rise, what did he think of?
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LI.—THE FIRE-FLY.

The fire-fly of tropical countries is a kind of beetle, and when a great many of them appear together at night, the effect they produce is very grand. When Sir Thomas Cavendish and Sir Robert Dudley landed for the first time in the West Indies, and saw in the evening an infinite number of moving lights in the woods, which, though nothing more than fire-flies, were taken by them to be Spaniards advancing upon them by torchlight, they immediately fled to their ships.

THE darkness of the Indian night
Reveals the fire-fly's glistening ray,
Which pours on flowers a radiant light
More pleasing than the eye of day.

At morning, when the earth and sky
Are glowing with the hues of spring,
We see not then the humble fly,
Nor think upon its gleaming wing.

But when the skies have lost their hue,
 And sunny beams no longer play,
 Oh ! then we see and bless it too,
 For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Thus hope we, that when quenched in night,
 The lights which now our life illumine,
 As milder joys will shine more bright
 To cheer, if not to warm, the gloom.

Moore, slightly altered.

LII.—FLATTERY AND FRIENDSHIP.

Ad-dict', given up.
 Boun'-ti-ful, generous.
 En-tice, tempt to do wrong.
 Fawn'ed on, courted.

Flat'-ters, falsely praises.
 Prod'-i-gal, wasteful.
 Re-nown', fame.
 Scant, scarce.

EVERY one that flatters thee
 Is no friend in misery ;
 Words are easy like the wind,
 Faithful friends 'tis hard to find.
 Every man will be thy friend,
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
 But if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call ;
 If he be addict to vice,
 Quickly him they will entice.
 But if fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown.
 They that fawned on him before
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need ;
 If thou sorrow he will weep ;
 If thou wake he cannot sleep ;

Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know,
Faithful Friend from flattering Foe.
Shakespeare.

LIII.—THE ST. BERNARD'S DOG.

THE dog has more sense than most other animals. He can more easily be taught, and knows many things that are said. He has been called the friend of man, for he loves his master so much, and is so faithful to him, that he will scarcely ever leave him.

There are several kinds of dogs, the shepherd's dog, the wolf-dog, the greyhound, the foxhound, the harrier, the terrier, the mastiff, the spaniel, the bull-dog, and many others.

The dog in a wild state is fierce ; but when tamed is very docile and mild, so that he is made use of by men of all countries. In England he hunts and guards the house ; and in the north of Europe he is trained, in company with eight or nine others, to draw a sledge over the snow, and will go a hundred miles in a day.

In the south of Europe, near the top of one of the Alpine mountains called Mount St. Bernard, is a convent where the monks keep a very fine breed of dogs, which they train to go in search of travellers, who may have been lost in the snows, which often cover the hills and valleys there to a great depth.

Once an English family was crossing the Alps,

and a snowstorm came on with such violence, that one of the horses, on which a little boy rode with a servant to take care of him, was hurled from the sides of the mountain into the gulf beneath. The family, giving the son and servant up for lost, made the best of their way to the convent of St. Bernard, where they told their frightful tale.

The monks bade the father be of good cheer, and said they would go in search of his son and servant ; so they took one of their dogs, a large, strong animal, and having tied a flask of brandy and a bag



of food round his neck, went to the place where the child and servant had fallen over.

It was a deep chasm of the mountain, and the

place was so steep, and the snow so slippery, that no one could get down. At last, however, they heard the cries of the poor boy.

The dog immediately ran down the snowy sides of the mountain, and was soon lost from sight amid the wreaths of snow. The monks waited a long while, and at last began to call the dog back; but they did not get him to return. One of the monks went home, and there he found at the convent door the dog and child all safe and sound.

The servant, when he saw the dog approach, untied the brandy and food from the dog's neck, and having refreshed himself and child, he placed the boy on the dog's back. The poor boy held fast with his arms round the dog's throat, and the noble animal, understanding at once what he ought to do, sought and found a safe road over the snows up to the convent.

The servant was soon after saved; cords were sent down by other dogs, and he was drawn up, though nearly frozen to death.

The Holiday Book.

QUESTIONS.

What has the dog? What does he know? What has he been called? Whom does he love? Name some of the different kinds of dogs. What is the dog in a wild state? What is he when tamed? In England what does he do? In the north of Europe what is he trained to do? How many miles will dogs draw a sledge in a day? What do the monks of St. Bernard keep? What do they train them to do? What happened to the son and servant of the English family who were crossing the Alps? What did the family give up the son and servant for? What did they tell when they reached the convent of St. Bernard? What

did the monks say they would do? What did they tie round the dog's neck? What kind of place was it over which the child and servant fell? When the monks came to the place what did they hear? What did the dog do? What did the monks do? What did they at last begin to do? When they did not get the dog to return, where did one of the monks go? What was it he found at the convent door? When the dog approached the servant what did he do? Where did he place the boy? What did the dog understand? What was it the dog found? How did they get up the servant?

LIV.—THE POOR DOG TRAY.

ON the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I,
And next to my Sheelah I truly must say,
I loved above all things my poor dog Tray.

When the summer's sun smiled, or the winter's storm beat,
My faithful companion was still at my feet ;
While on my sweet harp I would cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),
" Oh ! remember your Sheelah when far, far away,
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray."

Poor dog, he was faithful and kind to be sure,
And he constantly loved me although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folk sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark and the night was so cold,
And I and my dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray,
And he lick'd me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face ;
And he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I played a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind ?
Where find one to guide me so faithful and kind ?
To my sweet native village so far, far away,
I can ne'er more return with my poor dog Tray.

Campbell.

LV.—SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

Ap-pe'al, call to think again on the matter.	Cu-ra'tor, guardian.
At-ti-tude, posture.	De-sist'-ed, stopped.
Cel'e-bra-ted, famous.	De-ter'-mined, resolved.
Chem'-ists, persons skilled in the knowledge of the elements of matter.	In-fect'-ed, disease tainted.
Con'-duct, behaviour.	Ob-serv'-ed, saw.
	Pre-vent', hinder.
	Res'-o-lute, firm.
	Vis'-i-bile, easily seen.

SIR Humphry Davy was one of the most celebrated chemists that ever lived. He invented the Davy lamp, which has been the means of saving many lives from fire in coal mines. When he was a boy he attended a boarding school kept by an English clergyman, who was very kind to all the boys. One day the clergyman found a poor ragged man burning with fever, and almost bare of clothes, lying at his gate. The sick man was taken into a small room, which was sometimes used by the boys as a play-room. The doctor was sent for, and he declared the man to be sickening of small-pox. The clergyman did not like to frighten the boys by telling them that a man was there sick of the small-pox, but he called them together, and told them that none of them were to go into the small play-room until he gave them leave.

The boys were displeased at this, for although they had a play-room large enough for twice their number, yet they liked the small one best, and they thought their tutor unkind to forbid them the use of it as formerly. Some of them determined to go in and see what was in this room. There could be no harm in doing this, seeing the clergyman and

his wife went in and out of the room every day. Young Davy said it would be wrong to enter the room after being told by their tutor not to go; but one of the boys, called Dick Curran, resolved to lift the latch, and take a peep in. "It will be done in a minute," said he, "and nobody will be the wiser."

"If nobody is to be the wiser," said little Humphry, "we had better not break the law; and if we were all to be ever so much the wiser, I will not consent to our doing so."

"You consent!" said Curran; "who wants your consent? We shan't ask your leave. It's our play-room I tell you. So come along, boys; let us go and have a peep at once."

"But you shall not," said Davy; "you know I am curator of the play-room, and it is my duty not to let any one go in contrary to the master's orders."

"Stand out of the way," said Curran, making a rush at Davy; but in a moment Davy tripped him with his foot, and down came Curran with a thud on the ground.

The other boys seeing their leader fall, and knowing they were in the wrong, stood back and began to feel frightened.

"No one shall pass this line," said Davy, scraping one with his toe on the ground, "while I can prevent it," and he put himself in an attitude of defence. "Boys," said he, "what is the use of desiring to do what we are forbidden? Depend upon it, there is good reason for our being shut out

of the room. Let us wait patiently for a day or two, and I have no doubt our tutor will tell us why."

This appeal was not without its effect. The boys desisted from going near the play-room, and went to their studies and sports as usual. After some days they observed their master bringing from the play-room a poor sick man, whose face bore visible marks of that cruel disease, the small-pox. Young Humphry had prevented them from coming in contact with the disease, and they now felt thankful to him. The clergyman then told them all danger was past, and he praised them for their strict regard to his orders in keeping back from the infected spot. He did not know, that not his orders, but Davy's courage, had kept them back, and he gave them a holiday as their reward. All were so delighted with the resolute conduct of little Humphry that ever after they looked up to him as their friend, leader, and adviser.

Peter Parley.

DICTATION.

Words in which *ch* sounds *k*:—Chaos, character, chasm, chemist, choler, chorus, chord, anchor, catechism, echo, epoch, mechanic, technical, anarchy, eunuch, monarch, stomach, scheme, school.

QUESTIONS.

Who was Sir Humphry Davy? the boys was determined to lift the latch and take a peep in? What did Davy say he was curator of? What was the curator's duty? What did Curran do? What did Davy do? When the other boys saw their leader fall what did they do? What did Davy then say and do? After Davy's appeal what did the boys desist from doing? What did the boys ever after look up to Humphry as?

What did he invent? When he was a boy what did he attend? Whom did the clergyman find lying at his gate? What did he take the sick man into? What did the doctor say the poor man was sickening with? Into what did the clergyman tell the boys not to go? How did the boys feel at this? What did some of them determine to do? What did young Davy say? Which of

LVI.—COMMON TO ALL.

THE sunshine is a glorious thing
That comes alike to all,
Lighting the peasant's lowly cot,
The noble's painted hall.

The moonlight is a gentle thing,
Which through the window gleams
Upon the snowy pillow, where
The happy infant dreams.

It shines upon the fisher's boat
Out on the lonely sea,
As well as on the flags which float
On towers of royalty.

The dewdrops of the summer morn
Display their silver sheen
Upon the smoothly shaven lawn,
And on the village green.

There are no gems in monarch's crown
More beautiful than they,
And yet you scarcely notice them,
But tread them off in play.

The music of the birds is heard,
Borne on the passing breeze,
As sweetly from the hedge-rows, as
From old ancestral trees.

There are as many lovely things,
As many pleasant tones
For those who dwell by cottage hearths
As those who sit on thrones.

Mrs. Hawkesworth.

SECTION IV.

LVII.—THE SLOTHFUL SERVANT CURED.

Ad-van'tage, benefit.
 Com-ply'-ing, agreeing.
 Con-vey', carry.
 En-ga'ged, bargained.
 Haz'-ard, risk.

Im-pres'-sion, effect.
 In'-ju-ry, hurt.
 In-struc'-tions, orders.
 Ob-ject'-ed, gave a refusal.
 Re-po'se, rest.

A FARM servant, one day having nothing to do, was desired by his master to take his horse and cart, and help a man to remove some rubbish from his house in a neighbouring village, to which the servant objected, on the ground of his having engaged to work on the farm only.

"Oh! I see how it is," said his master. "You see there is no work here for the day, and you will not work elsewhere, that you may enjoy the sweet repose of sloth at home. But I shall find work for you. Go, take the wheel-barrow, and remove that heap of stones to the other side of the corn-yard, and tell me when you are done."

On finishing the job he told his master, who then ordered him to wheel the stones back to the place where they had been before. When he had done as he was bid, he returned for new instructions, and was told to convey the stones once more to the other side of the corn-yard.

The servant, as a matter of course, grumbled much at this useless labour, but the master said to him, "I have the best of ends in view in providing you with work. I intend, in the first place, to solve the question whether you or I shall be master. Secondly, I intend you to learn whether you can

gain most by following your foolish desire for idleness, or by complying with my reasonable requests. Thirdly, I adopted this plan to show you that it is better to work for little or no advantage than to go idle, at the hazard of forming habits of sloth. And, lastly, I have acted on this odd plan for making a stronger impression on your mind, that you may not disobey again, to your own injury more than to mine. If these ends are gained, neither my commands nor your service this day will be in vain."

To this the servant bowed; and ever after tried to please by a ready obedience to his master's wishes. He thereby speedily rose in his master's favour, gaining besides the good will of all who knew him, and adding greatly to his own comfort and happiness.

While the world lasts there will be masters and servants, and the servant who grudges not a little extra labour for his master's sake, when occasion requires, will always be most prized and best paid by his employer.

DICTATION.

Words in which *ch* sounds *teh* :—Chain, chair, child, chime, choose, cheap, churn; each, which, rich, such, much.

QUESTIONS.

<p>What did his master desire the farm servant to do? On what ground did the farm servant object to do as his master desired? What did the servant wish to enjoy? What did the master then bid him do? On finishing the job, what did the master tell him to do next? When he had done as he was bid, what did he return to his master for? What was the servant told again to do? What did the servant, as a matter of course, do? What question</p>	<p>did the master wish to solve? What did he intend the servant to learn? Why did he adopt the plan of making the servant wheel the stones backwards and forwards? Why did he act on this odd plan? Why did he wish to make a stronger impression on the servant's mind? Ever after this, by what did the servant try to please his master? In what did he thereby speedily rise? What did he gain besides? What did he add greatly to?</p>
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LVIII.—WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

A'ch-ing, pained.
Be-reft, deprived.
Fet-tered, chained.

Ran-som, liberate.
Shel'-ter, defend.
Suc'-cour, help.

Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain—
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left—
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—
Go thou and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favoured than thine own;
Remember 'tis thy neighbour man,
Thy brother or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery—
Go, share thy lot with him.

Anon.

LIX.—SANDY MACPHERSON.

Ad-mi-ra'tion, wondering esteem.	Gov'-ern-ment, rulers of the country.
Ap-pro'ach-ing, coming near.	In-for-ma'-tion, news.
Be-tra'y, tell the hidden place.	Tré-as-ured, carefully preserved.
Cot'r-age, boldness.	Un-for'-tu-nate, unlucky.
Dis-cov'-ered, found out.	Un-wa'-ver-ing, unchanging.
Ev-i-dence, proof.	Ve-rá'-ci-ty, truthfulness.
Fe-ro'-cious, savage.	
Fi-del'i-ty, faithfulness.	

AFTER the battle of Culloden, which was fought in 1746, on a moor about nine miles north-east from Inverness, Prince Charles Edward was obliged to



hide for some months in the wilds of the Highlands, till, by the aid of Flora Macdonald, he was enabled to escape to France.

During the anxious time when he wandered among the mountains of Glengarry, he sometimes found refuge in caves and cottages, without even a single attendant, and sometimes he lay in forests, with one or two companions of his distress, continually pursued by the troops.

The government offered thirty thousand pounds for his capture, either dead or alive, yet none of the Highlanders, though very poor, would for all the money offered betray their beloved but unfortunate Prince.

A company of a hundred soldiers had come upon his track, and in a cave among the hills discovered some evidence of his having been there but very shortly before. The captain of the troop, a ferocious soldier, thought the rich reward was already within his grasp, and casting about for information, he saw approaching a boy about twelve years of age, ragged and barefooted, and as wild as a young colt. Having learned that the boy's name was Sandy Macpherson, he said to him, "Sandy, did you see Prince Charles Edward hereabout to-day?" The youth at once replied, "Yes, I did."

"Which way did he go? Tell me or thou shalt die," said the captain, with a savage look, and laying his hand on his sword.

"I know which way he went," said the lad fearlessly; "but I will not tell you."

"Vile wretch!" said the captain, "then I will beat you till you tell." With that he struck him several severe blows with the flat of his sword, which caused the lad to scream with pain.

"Tell me or I will cut the flesh from your bones," roared the captain,

"Though you should cut my head from my shoulders, yet I will not tell. I will never betray my Prince. Every Macpherson is the Prince's friend, and were I only his dog I would not betray him."

"So," said the captain, putting up his sword, while a tear stood in his eye, called up at the boy's unwavering fidelity, "that is enough. Soldiers, forward; let us do our best; and as for you, noble youth, take this, and when I am far away think of me."

The gift thus bestowed in token of the rough soldier's admiration of the boy's courage and veracity was a small silver cross; and this cross was, and is still, treasured among the Macphersons as a token of their love of truth.—*Peter Parley.*

DICTION.

Words in which *y* is used for *i*:—Cyder, rhyme, thyme, tyro, tyrant; myrtle, physic, pyramid, syllable, sympathy, symptom, syntax, system.

QUESTIONS.

Where is Culloden? When was the battle of Culloden fought? Where was Prince Charles Edward obliged to hide? Who aided him to escape to France? How much was offered for his capture? Did any of the Highlanders betray their beloved Prince? Were the Highlanders rich or poor? Who came upon his track? What did the soldiery discover? Where did they discover this evidence? What did the captain of the troop think he had within his grasp? Whom did he see approaching? What was the boy's name? What did the captain ask of Sandy Macpherson? What did the youth reply? What did the captain say would happen if the boy did not tell which way the Prince went? When the captain laid his hand on his sword what did the lad say fearlessly? With what did he strike the boy for refusing to tell which way the Prince went? What did the captain say he would do if he did not tell? What did the boy answer? What did the boy say he would never do? What was every Macpherson? What was the gift bestowed on the boy in token of the rough soldier's admiration? By whom is the small silver cross still treasured? What do they still treasure this cross as a token of?

LX.—THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

De-scend', come down.
 Fos'-ter, cause to grow.
 Gar'-ners, granaries.
 Germs, buds.

Ma-tu're, ripen.
 Pre'-cious, valuable.
 Stro'wn, scattered.
 Ver'-dure, greenness.

In many parts of England there is a custom which has been followed for centuries, of holding a festival after the crops have all been gathered in from the fields, and safely stored in the stackyard or the barn. This festival is called the "Harvest Home," because the produce of the harvest has been brought home; and when the anxious farmer has seen the toils of his spring and summer's labour crowned with success, no fitter season could be found for innocent rejoicing than this, though the dark nights of winter are soon to follow. So when life's labour in the field of this world is over, and the night of death is coming on, how sweet will it be to the faithful to hear the cheering whisper, "Harvest Home!"

Sow in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thine hand ;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
 Broad cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
 The highway furrows stock,
 Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
 Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
 Expect not here nor there :
 O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found,
 Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
 The late or early sown ;
 Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
 When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.

Thou can'st not toil in vain ;
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,

Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

Thence when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry, "Harvest Home."

James Montgomery.

LXI.—THE HUMANE DOG.

Af-fec'-tion-ate, loving.
As-sas'-sins, murderers.
Faith-ful, true.
Fu'-ri-ous-ly, in a rage.
Ill-fa't-ed, unfortunate.

Pa'-tron, kind friend.
Pro'-cess, work.
Pro-tec'-tor, defender.
Re-vi've, get better.
Ruf'-fians, cruel persons.

AN ill-fated cat one day fell into the hands of some young ruffians, just commencing their first acts of cruelty, which too often lead to great crimes, and to a disgraceful end. The little wretches had passed from cruelty to cruelty. First they stoned their victim, then they struck at it with a stick, and finished by throwing it into a pool of dirty water, in order to drown it.

During the process several people passed by, who, being as hard of heart as the boys themselves, and seeing nothing but sport in their work of mischief, did not take the trouble to make them desist. But, strange to tell, a large dog which had watched for some time what was going on, rushed forward upon the young assassins, and barking furiously, drove them away from the spot. He then sprang into the water to the rescue of the fainting and bleeding animal, and bore it off in triumph to his quarters. There, laying it down on some straw, he

licked it all over till it began to revive. After this he laid himself down partly upon it, and warmed it with the heat of his own body. The kind and loving dog next carried some food to his sick charge, and the people of the house, inspired by his example, brought out some warm milk to the poor cat.

Day after day the dog tended the object of his care, aided by the kindness of his master, until the cat had perfectly recovered. Both dog and cat were to be seen for several years thereafter at the Talbot Inn, Liverpool, living in loving companionship, the one as patron and protector, the other as faithful and affectionate follower.

Although dogs and cats are oftener foes than friends, yet probably the mutual dislike of these animals to one another, has been greatly increased by wicked boys in all ages and countries inciting dogs to worry cats. When dogs and cats live in the same house, they are usually loving companions.

Anecdotes by J. Whitecross.

DICTION.

Divide into syllables, and accent the following words :—Commencing, cruelty, wretches, victim, triumph, inspired, example, perfectly, recovered, Liverpool, companionship, follower.

QUESTIONS.

<p>Into whose hands did the ill-fated cat fall? What did the little wretches first do to their victim? Into what place did they throw the cat? For what purpose did they throw it into the pool of dirty water? Who passed by during the process? Did they make the boys desist from their work of mischief? What animal had watched for some time what was going on? Then what did the dog do? When the dog rescued the faint and bleeding cat, to</p>	<p>what place did he bear it off in triumph? What did he lay the cat down on? How long did he continue to lick it all over? What did he warm it with? What did the kind and loving dog do? What did the people of the house bring out to the cat? Until when did the dog tend the object of his care? Where were this dog and cat to be seen for several years thereafter? What was the one as? What was the other as?</p>
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LXII.—I LOVE EACH LIVING THING.

Blos'-soms, flowers.
De-spoil', destroy.
Gam'-bol, jump and run.
In-cline, wish.

Ned'-dy, ass.
Pa'int-ed, coloured.
Pos-sess', have.
Pri'-thee, I pray thee.

Cruelty to beasts, birds, fishes, or insects leads to cruelty to our fellows. The boy or girl who could causelessly torment a fly is likely when grown up to torment his neighbours. It is often necessary for our own existence to kill beasts, birds, fishes, and insects; but this becomes cruelty only when they are killed in mere wantonness. Whenever they are to be killed in the course of our duty, they should be put to death as suddenly as possible. To inflict needless pain on any living creature will give pleasure to the wicked and hard-hearted only. Kindness to defenceless animals such as horses, dogs, and cats, will be rewarded by their love.

YES, I love each living thing
That Heaven has called to birth,
Shaggy coat, or painted wing,
Beasts that toil or birds that sing,
Bees that hum or sometimes sting,
All, all possess their worth.

So, old Neddy fear not me,
For I've no whip or stick
Thy poor sides to beat, you see;
Munch thy clover, happy be,
Roll and tumble o'er the lea,—
Toss, tumble, roll, and kick.

And thou pretty little bird,
O! prithee do not flee,
I've no heart to take the nest
Where thy tiny young ones rest
'Neath thy warm and downy breast,
All in the hawthorn tree.

And thou butterfly so fine,
Why, why such haste I pray,
I've no wish to make thee mine,
And my fingers don't incline
To despoil that coat of thine,
So beautiful and gay.

Little mousie, thou mayst run
 Where sweet the blossoms fall;
 Go, go and gambol in the sun,
 I enjoy thy harmless fun;
 I'm the enemy of none—
 No, no, I love you all.

J. G. Watts.

QUESTIONS.

What should we love? What do all possess? What is the name here given to the ass? What is the ass told to do? What is the name of the place in which the bird's tiny young ones rest? Beneath what do the young ones rest?	Where is the nest built? What should your fingers not incline to do to the butterfly? What is the little mouse bidden to do? What should we enjoy? What should we love?
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LXIII.—PULL IT UP BY THE ROOT.

Al-low'ed, permitted. Ex-pect', hope. Good-hu'-moured, cheerful. Ill-tem'-pered, sulky. In-dus'-tri-ous, constant at work. In'-jure, hurt.	O-ver-com'e, conquer. Pas'-sions, feelings. Pos'-si-ble, it can be done. Suf'-fi'-cient, strong enough. Trot'-tles, torments. Un-du'-ti-ful, disobedient.
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"FATHER, here is a dock," said Thomas, as he was at work with his father in the garden. "Shall I cut it off close to the root."

"That will not do," replied his father; "I have cut it off many times, but it grows again stronger than ever. You must pull it up by the root, for nothing else will kill it."

Thomas pulled at the dock, but the root was very deep in the ground, so he asked his father to come and help him, and his father went and soon pulled it up.

"This dock root, Thomas," said his father, "which is a fast growing weed in a garden, puts me in

mind of the evil things that grow so fast in the hearts of children. A bad passion is hard to be removed. It is of no use to trifle with it. There is no other way to overcome and destroy it but to pull it up by the root.

"You have often seen in our garden that when the weeds are allowed to grow they spoil all the plants and flowers that grow near them. So it is with the evil passions in the heart of a child. If a little boy is ill-tempered we must not expect to find in him good-humour, cheerfulness, and thankfulness, and a desire to make others happy. And a little girl who is idle we need not expect to be industrious, neat, and careful. As weeds injure the flowers, so bad passions injure good qualities. If a child is undutiful to his parents, and despises their advice, we might as well seek for a rose or tulip in a bed of nettles, as hope to find in his heart, those graces and good desires that we love to see growing there.

"Now, this is quite a sufficient reason why all bad passions should be pulled up by the root. Every bad habit, every evil passion which troubles you, you should try with all your might to overcome. You should, if possible, tear it up by the root. But you will find your own strength no better than weakness, and you must apply to that Almighty Friend who alone is able to help you. He can take from your heart the love of sin, and this is the only way of destroying it, just as we have destroyed the dock by pulling it up by the root."—*Chatterbox*,

LXIV.—DAILY WORK.

Ap-point'-ed, fixed.	Kna've, rascal.
Com'-pe-tence, sufficiency for the necessities of life.	Lags, keeps back.
Feu'd, quarrel.	Pal'-try, mean.
Frac'-tion, small part.	Pro-por'-tioned, equal.
In-de-pen'-dence, freedom.	Re-ta'in, keep up.
	Shirk, avoid.

Who lags for dread of daily work,
 And his appointed task would shirk,
 Commits a folly and a crime ;
 A soulless slave—a paltry knave—
 A clog upon the wheels of time.
 With work to do and store of health,
 The man's unworthy to be free,
 Who will not give, that he may live,
 His daily toil for daily fee.

No ! let us work ! we only ask
 Reward proportioned to our task :
 We have no quarrel with the great ;
 No feud with rank—with mill or bank—
 Nor envy of a lord's estate.
 If we can earn sufficient store
 To satisfy our daily need ;
 And can retain for age and pain,
 A competence, we're rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we or ours ;
 We know our worth, and weigh our powers ;
 The more we work, the more we win :
 Success to trade, success to spade !
 And to the corn that's coming in !
 And joy to him who o'er his task
 Remembers toil is Nature's plan,
 Who working thinks—and never sinks
 His independence as a man.

Who only asks for humblest wealth,
 Enough for daily wants and health ;

And leisure when his work is done,
 To read his book by chimney-nook,
 Or stroll at setting of the sun ;
 Who toils as every man should toil
 For fair reward, erect and free,
 These are the men—the best of men,
 These are the men we mean to be !

Charles Mackay.

LXV.—RIDE ON A DROMEDARY.

Ac-com'pan-ied, went along with.	Im-pos'si-ble, not to be done.
Col'-umns, pillars.	Ma'il, all the letters by one post.
Con-sist'-ing, made up.	Ner'-vous, easily frightened.
Gi-gan'-tic, very tall.	Res'-cue, help.
Hon'-our-a-ble, title of rank.	Tre-men'-dous, very violent.
Im-men'se-ly, very much.	Vi'-o-lent-ly, with great force.

THE Honourable Mrs. Grey, who accompanied the Prince and Princess of Wales on their Eastern tour in the beginning of 1869, thus describes her return from a visit to the grand old Temple of Karnak in Egypt, built some 3,000 years ago, and consisting now of a "forest of gigantic columns, whose tops, when seen by moonlight, seemed to reach the sky"—

One of the gentlemen rode up and asked me if it would amuse me to ride home on a dromedary. He had just seen one in the crowd which had brought the mail. Mourad Pasha, who heard of this, said it was impossible; but I disregarded all objections, which seemed weak compared to my great wish to get on. So, though they said I had better not, if I was the least nervous, I stopped and got off my donkey. We got hold of the dromedary, and Colonel

Marshall got on first to show me how to hold on while the beast gets up, which is really the only difficulty

The dromedary is made to kneel down with all four legs. You then get on, and the moment he feels the weight on his back he gets up, by first



raising one joint of his hind legs, with a tremendous jerk, which of course throws you violently forward; and hardly have you had time to hold on in this position, than you are as violently thrown back, *while he gets up on his forelegs; and then comes another bump, while he quite raises his hind legs.*

It is almost like three electric shocks, but all done in a few seconds.

There was no saddle and no stirrups, and I had nothing but small bits of wood behind and in front, between which a straw cushion was tied, on which I sat. However, I held on beautifully, and enjoyed my three miles' ride home immensely. I had a gentleman riding on each side of me, so I felt there was some rescue at hand should I slip off. The road was very uneven and bad, but the dromedary walked through it all as steadily as possible. The motion was something like that of a boat rolling about in the water, and you swing about a good deal, which makes you feel very unsafe, without saddle or stirrups. Being now behind the crowd, we avoided the dust, and got home just as the rest of the party, having dismounted, were still assembled and much astonished to see me sailing home on my high charger.

On getting off, you have to undergo the same three shocks as on mounting; the dromedary kneels down again, doubling up his legs, joint after joint, and off you go.—*Journal of a Visit to Egypt, &c.*

"Eastern tour," a journey for pleasure to countries lying in and beyond the east of Europe.

"Colonel" (pronounced *Cur-nel*), an officer who has the chief command of a regiment of soldiers.

"Pasha," a Turkish officer who is either governor of a district of country, or a commander in the army.

"Electric shocks," shocks given by a machine which gives off flashes of electricity or artificial lightning.

"Dromedary," a swift-footed camel used for riding; the difference between the camel and the dromedary being similar to that between a cart horse and a riding horse.

DICTATION.

Brought, sought, bought, fought, nought, ought, though
wrought; taught, caught, fraught, naughty; daughter, slaughter

Supply the words omitted in—He	he would go. He hath	a go
the mail. The man his	day's work. The master	m
own money. The farmer a	The cat a mouse. This action	
cow. The dog a battle. It	with danger. You should nev	
is, it is, said the buyer.	be	The king lost his
We to do our duty. The boy	The	at Waterloo was very great

QUESTIONS.

Whom did the Honourable Mrs. Grey accompany? In which year? Where is the grand old temple which she visited? How long is it since the Temple of Karnak was built? When its gigantic columns are seen by moonlight, how high do they seem to reach? What did the lady wish to ride on? Who said it was impossible for her to ride on the dromedary? What great wish had she? Who showed the lady how to get on? What is the dromedary made first to do? How does he get up when he feels the weight on his back? What effect has this on the person who sits on his back? After being thrown violently forward, what happens after he raises his foreleg? What is the getting on the back of dromedary like? How did the lady enjoy the ride home? How many miles did she ride? What was the motion of the dromedary like? What happens when a rider dismounts from a dromedary?

LXVI.—HAB-ICH AND HÄTT-ICH;

OR, A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

"Hab-ich" is the German for "I have," and "Hätt-ich" for "had I." The moral taught by this lesson is that we should take more delight in the things we possess, and should not be constantly longing for things beyond our reach. The desire to obtain everything which catches our fancy is sure to breed discontent, and end in disappointment.

THERE are two songsters well known in the land,
Their names are I-HAVE and O-HAD-I;
I-HAVE will come tamely and perch on your hand
But O-HAD-I will mock you most sadly.

I-HAVE, at first sight, is less fair to the eye
But his worth is by far more enduring
Than a thousand O-HAD-I's, that sit far and high,
On roofs and on trees so alluring.

Full many a golden egg this bird will lay,
And sing you, "Be cheery! be cheery!"

O merrily then will the day glide away,
And sweet will your sleep be when weary.

But let an O-HAD-I just once take your eye,
And a longing to catch him once seize you;
He'll give you no comfort—no rest till you die:
Life-long he'll torment you and tease you.

He'll keep you all day running up and down hill—
Now racing, now panting and creeping;
While far overland, this sweet bird at his will
With his golden plumage is sweeping.

Then every wise man who attends to my song,
Will count his I-HAVE a choice treasure;
And whene'er an O-HAD-I comes flying along,
Will just let him fly at his pleasure.

From the German.

LXVII.—THE DIONEA.

Ap-pa'-rent-ly, seemingly.	Not'r-ish-ment, food.
Ap-pend'-a-ges, parts of the plants.	Or-gan-i-sa'-tion, shape.
Com-ple'te-ly, entirely.	Re'-cent-ly, shortly before.
De-fec'-tive, imperfect.	Re-sem'-ble, be like.
Dis-solv'ed, melted down.	Sen'-si-ble, feeling.
Ex-hib'-it-ed, shown.	Spé'-ci-men, pattern.

AMONG the many curious things exhibited and described at the meeting of the British Association, held in Belfast in August, 1874, one of the most curious was a plant called the Dionea, whose strange powers had but recently been noticed. It was always known that some animals were so defective in their organisation as to resemble plants, but the discovery of the Dionea, and some other kindred plants, has made known the fact that

there are vegetables endowed with organs very much like those of living animals.

The *Dionea* is a specimen of this animal-plant. The leaves are partly covered with a hairy-like substance, and their edges are formed like the teeth of a saw. Whenever a fly alights on one of the leaves, and touches the hairs on the centre, the leaf closes quickly over it, just like the shutting of a person's hand, and the fly is caught as in a trap from which there is no escape. But the strange thing is, that the leaf keeps doubled up till the fly is completely dissolved—in fact digested, like food in the stomach of a living animal. Then, when this process is over, the leaf uncloses, and lies open to entrap another insect.

A leaf of the *Dionea* was fed with a piece of beef, upon which it closed, and did not open again until the beef was all consumed. A piece of cheese was placed on one of the leaves, but this food did not agree with the plant, for the leaf on which it was placed drooped and died.

Mineral substances were placed on the leaves, which had closed on a fly or an ant, but they showed no sign of closing over them, apparently quite sensible that there was no nourishment in them. The fine hairs of a leaf closed gently over a piece of wet chalk, but soon re-opened, leaving the chalk free.

Several other flesh-eating plants were exhibited, and an explanation given of the strange traps laid in the leaves and appendages by which the plants caught their victims, and fed themselves with the animal food which came in their way. These plants,

whenever an insect touched a portion of their leaf, closed that leaf exactly as a child shuts its hand when touched in the palm.

“British Association,” a society of learned persons who hold an annual meeting in one or other of the large towns of Great Britain or Ireland, for the purpose of discussing all new discoveries in science and art.

DICTIONARY.

Divide into syllables, and accent the following words:—Curious, exhibited, described, association, defective, organisation, discovery, digested, substances, re-opened, whenever, explanation, mineral.

QUESTIONS.

Name one of the most curious things exhibited at the meeting of the British Association, held in Belfast, in 1874. What is the Dionea a specimen of? With what are the leaves partly covered? How are their edges formed? When a fly alights on one of the leaves, what happens? How is the fly then caught? How long does the leaf keep doubled up? When the fly is digested, what happens? What was a leaf of the Dionea fed with? When did the leaf again open? What kind of food killed the leaf? When mineral substances were placed on a leaf, did it close? Why did the leaf not close on mineral substances? Over what did the fine hairs gently close? When the leaf found it was only a piece of chalk, what did it do? What other plants were exhibited besides the Dionea? What explanation was given about these plants?

LXVIII.—THOROUGHNESS IN WORK.

Ad-age, proverb.

Ad-van'-ta-ges, benefits.

As-so'-ci-at-ed, united.

Con-se-quen-cies, effects.

Con-tin'-u-ous, lasting.

Coun'-ter-part, likeness.

Dig'-ni-fied, exalted.

Dis-played, exhibited.

E-du-ca-tion, training.

Fur'-nish-ing, supplying.

Man'-u-al, hand.

Men'-tal, mind.

Pros-per'-i-ty, good fortune.

Slim'-ming, making imperfectly.

Su-pe'-ri-or, better.

Thor-ough-ness, perfection.

THOROUGHNESS in work is the chief end of all education, whether displayed in mental or manual labour. “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.” That is the golden rule which ought to be engraved on the heart of every man.

whatever his condition in life, and whatever the work he is called on to do. Nelson's last signal—"England expects every man to do his duty"—which thrilled the hearts of our British sailors before the victory of Trafalgar, does but express the idea which is the mainspring of all true greatness, whether national or private—namely, thoroughness in work.

Suppose, instead of that famous signal with which the name of Nelson will be ever associated, the following had been presented to our astonished seamen :—

"He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain,
Will never live to fight again."

And suppose our sailors had acted as here advised, and fled from the fight, what disgrace would have fallen on the name of England !

The base and cowardly adage here quoted, has its counterpart in the saying of unfaithful workmen who say that "Good work is bad for trade"; meaning thereby that if they make good work the articles will last too long, and they will get less to do. No greater mistake than this could be committed, as the following truthful history clearly proves.

Switzerland is a country famous for its education and its watches; yet neither knowledge nor skill will bring continuous prosperity without the exercise of that higher quality—thoroughness in work.

■ *As a rule, Swiss workmen are skilful in their various*

trades, and take an interest in their work ; for, on account of their superior education, they fully understand the advantages, not only to their masters, but also to themselves, in never putting a bad piece of work out of their hands.

The consequences of slimming work, and making watches to sell rather than to keep time correctly, has lately been seen at St. Imier, in the Bernese Jura, and produced a deep impression. In this district, for some years past, a great falling off in the quality of the watches has taken place, owing to the inhabitants desiring to increase their profits by furnishing an inferior article. They prospered for a considerable time, but finally their watches got such a bad name that nobody would buy them, and the result is that the masters have become bankrupt, and the people have been thrown out of employment.

Workmen in every branch of industry should keep in mind that they have their own and their country's character to maintain for excellence. No station is so high as to be exempt from this duty ; none so low as not to be dignified by the faithful discharge of it. The works themselves upon which all this labour is bestowed will perish ; but the qualities which have been gained by the faithful and honest discharge of the daily duties of life will endure for ever, and find scope for their exercise in a higher and holier sphere.—*Inaugural Address by Mr. Walter, M.P., at London Quebec Institute, November, 1874.*

"Victory of Trafalgar," gained in 1805 by the British fleet under the command of Lord Nelson, over the French fleet under the command of Villeneuve. Nelson was shot through the back, but died conscious that he had gained the battle.

"Bernese Jura," that part of the Jura Mountains which passes through the canton of Berne, in Switzerland. The Jura Mountains form a curved range of about 200 miles in length, and in some places about 30 miles in breadth. The boundary between Switzerland and France lies along these mountains.

DICTATION.

Words ending in *tion*, to be divided into syllables and accented:—Nation, ration, station, oblation, obligation, reformation, confirmation; completion, repletion, depletion; condition, contrition, ambition: lotion, motion, notion, potion; constitution, execution, substitution, restitution.

QUESTIONS.

What is the chief end of all education? Which are the two kinds of labour mentioned in the lesson? Repeat the golden rule which ought to be engraved on every heart. What was Nelson's last signal before the victory of Trafalgar? Whose hearts were thrilled by this signal? What idea does that signal but express? Repeat the base and cowardly adage quoted in the lesson. In what is its counterpart? Is it true or false that "good work is bad for trade"? For what is Switzerland famous? What will neither knowledge nor skill bring without thoroughness of work? What are Swiss workmen skilful in? What does their superior education make them understand? What has happened in the district of the Bernese Jura for some years past? What was this owing to? Although they prospered for some time, what finally happened? What is the result of the bad name which their watches got? What should workmen in every branch of industry keep in mind? What should all faithfully and honestly discharge?

LXIX.—MAKE HASTE TO LIVE.

MAKE haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze—
How swift the moments fly!

To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
To move in idleness through earth—
This, this is not to live.

Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;

Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

Up thou with speed and work,
Fling ease and self away ;
This is no time for thee to sleep—
Up watch, and work, and pray.

The useful, not the great,
The thing that never dies,
The silent toil that is not lost,—
Set these before thine eyes.

The seed, whose leaf and flower,
Though poor in human sight,
Bring forth at last the eternal fruit,
Sow thou by day and night.

Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er ;
O sleep not, dream not, but arise—
The Judge is at the door.

Horatius Bonar, D.D.

LXX.—THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.—A FABLE.

A PIN and needle being neighbours in a work-basket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do.

“I should like to know,” said the pin, “what you are good for, and how do you expect to go through the world without a head? What is the use of an eye if there is always something in it?”

“I am more active, and can go through more work than you can,” said the needle.

"Yes; but you will not live long," said the pin.

"Why not?" said the needle.

"Because you have always a stitch in your side," said the pin.

"You are a poor crooked creature," said the needle.

"And you can't bend without breaking your back," said the pin.

"I'll pull your head off if you insult me again," said the needle.

"I'll put your eye out if you touch me. Remember your life hangs by a single thread," said the pin.

While they were thus conversing a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and attempting to sew with it, soon pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt with the broken needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle. "How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out that they are frail brothers till they lie down in the dust together as we do."

Cruet Stand.

LXXI.—GOOD TEMPER.

Con-flict'-ing, dashing against each other.	Pé-as-ant, farm servant.
Dis-tin'-guished, noble.	Pé'er, nobleman.
Droop'-ing, fainting.	Re-po'se, alumber.
Di-vin'-i-ty, deity.	Ser'-aph, angel of love.
Lulls, soothes.	Thré-at-en-ing, coming.
	Won'-drous, strange.

THERE'S not a cheaper thing on earth,
 Nor yet one half so dear,
 'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,
 Or thousands gained a year.
 It lends the day a new delight,
 'Tis virtue's foremost shield,
 And adds more beauty to the night
 Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content,
 It dries up sorrow's tear,
 It is a gift from Heaven sent
 Our drooping hearts to cheer.
 It meets you with a smile at morn,
 It lulls you to repose—
 A flower for peer and peasant born,
 An everlasting rose.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud,
 When threatening storm begins;
 As music 'mid the tempest loud,
 Its sweet way ever wins.
 As springs an arch across the tide,
 Where waves conflicting foam—
 So comes this seraph to our side,
 This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
 With power unheard before—
 This charm, this bright divinity?—
 Good Temper! nothing more.
 Good temper—'tis the choicest gift
 That woman homeward brings;
 And can the poorest peasant lift
 To bliss unknown to kings.—Charles Swain.

LXXII.—A ROYAL LESSON OF HUMANITY.

Ac-cus'-tomed, in the habit.	In-dul'ge, foster.
At-ten'-dants, servants.	In-form'ed, told.
Com-pla'in, express her distress.	Oc-ca'-sion, time.
En-du're, bear,	Paus'ed, stopped.
Ex'-cel-lent, very kind.	Pro-ceed, go on.
Fa-tig'u-ing, wearisome.	Un-né'-ces-sa-ry, needless

QUEEN CAROLINE, wife of George II., was informed that her eldest daughter, afterwards Princess of Orange, was accustomed on going to bed to employ one of the ladies of the court to read aloud to her till she should drop to sleep. On one occasion the Princess suffered the lady, who was unwell, to continue the fatiguing duty until she fell into a swoon.

Determined to teach her daughter a lesson of humanity, the Queen on the following night, when in bed, sent for the Princess, and commanded her to read aloud. After some time her Royal Highness began to be tired of standing, and paused in hope of receiving an order to be seated.

"Proceed," said her Majesty.

In a short time a second pause seemed to plead for rest.

"Read on," said the Queen again.

The Princess again stopped and again received an order to proceed, till at length, pale and breathless, she was forced to complain. Then said this excellent parent, "If you thus feel the pain of this exercise for one evening only, what must your *attendants* feel who do it every night? Hence *learn, my daughter, never to indulge your own ease*

while you suffer your attendants to endure unnecessary fatigue."—*Memoirs of George II.*

DICTATION.

Fatigue, league, colleague, plague, beleaguer.

Supply the words omitted in:—The	arrived. The	is a deadly
she endured hurt her health.	malady. The soldiers go to	
He entered into a	with our	the citadel of the town.
enemies. My	has not yet	

QUESTIONS.

Who was Queen Caroline? What did her eldest daughter afterwards become? What was she accustomed to do on going to bed? How long did the Princess on one occasion allow a lady to read to her? What was the Queen determined to teach her daughter?	What did she command the Princess to do? How often did the Queen order the Princess to read on to her? What was the Princess at last forced to do? What did the Queen then say to the Princess? What did she wish her daughter to learn from this trial?
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LXXIII.—ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

Cot'r-age, bravery.
Dis-gui'se, false dress.
Gra'-cious, favourable.
Pro'-vid-ence, God.
Pun'-dit, learned Brahmin.

San'-guine, hopeful.
Sur-round'-ed, encompassed.
Un-bi'-assed, unprejudiced.
Un-bound'-ed, unlimited.
Vir'-tue, goodness.

ALL's for the best, be sanguine and cheerful,
Troubles and sorrows are friends in disguise;
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful,
Courage for ever is happy and wise.

All's for the best if a man will but know it,
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
Heaven is gracious and all's for the best.

All's for the best, then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
And in the midst of your dangers and errors
Trust like a child while you strive like a man.

All's for the best, unbiassed, unbounded
 Providence reigns from the east to the west
 And by both wisdom and virtue surrounded
 Hope and be happy that all's for the best.

LXXIV.—NEVER RAIL AT THE WORLD.

At-ta'in, reach to.
 At-tampt', try.
 De-press'ed, cast down.

De-ta'ls, matters one by one.
 Fet'-ter, chain for the legs.
 Gov'-erns, rules.

Never rail at the world—it is just as we make it—
 We see not the flower if we sow not the seed ;
 And as for ill-luck, why it's just as we take it,
 The heart that's in earnest no bars can impede.
 You question the justice which governs man's breast,
 And say that the search for true friendship is vain ;
 But remember this world, though it be not the best,
 Is the next to the best we shall ever attain.

Never rail at the world, nor attempt to exalt
 That feeling which questions society's claim ;
 For often poor friendship is less in the fault—
 Less changeable oft than the selfish who blame.
 Then ne'er by the changes of fate be depressed,
 Nor wear like a fetter Time's sorrowful chain,
 But believe that this world, though it be not the best,
 Is the next to the best we shall ever attain.

Charles Swain, 1803.

DICTATION.

Believe, relieve, retrieve, grieve, achieve, conceive, receive, deceive.

Supply the words omitted in—I do	He will	his design.	I cannot
not what he says. You should	anything	so foolish.	Did you
his wants. He cannot	his	your wages?	You should not
fortune. Do not	over spilt milk.	any person.	

QUESTIONS.

What should you never rail at? If	next to?	What should we not be de-
we do not sow the seed, what shall we	pressed by?	What should we not wear
not see? What cannot impede a heart	like a fetter?	
that is in earnest? What is this world		

LXXV.—THE POSTAGE STAMP.

A-dopt'-ed, used.

Ba'-sis, foundation.

Cir'-cu-lat-ed, sent round.

Com'-merce, trade.

Con'-fessed, owned.

De-vi'-sed, arranged.

In'-ci-dent, circumstance.

Le'-gis-la-tors, law-makers.

Or-gan-iz'-ed, set to work.

Rev'-e-nue, public income.

Ul'-ti-mate-ly, at last.

VY'-cious, very bad.

THE postage stamp was first used in London on the 10th of January, 1840, and for ten years it was employed in the British Isles alone. France adopted it on the 1st of January, 1849, and Germany in 1850.

It was a curious incident that gave rise to the idea of postage stamps. A traveller, about forty years ago, was passing through a district in the north of England. He arrived at the door of an inn where a postman had stopped to deliver a letter. A young girl came out to receive it; she turned it over and over in her hand. The price demanded for the letter being a shilling, she said she had no money to pay it, although it was a letter from her brother, and, sighing sadly, she returned it to the postman.

The traveller was a kind-hearted man, and he paid the postage and handed the letter to the girl. Scarcely had the postman turned his back than the girl confessed that the signs marked on the outside of the letter told her all she wanted to know; that this plan had been adopted by her brother and herself to save expense, and that the letter did not contain any writing inside.

The traveller continuing his journey asked himself if a system which gave occasion for such *frauds* was *not* a vicious one.

Rowland Hill (that was the name of the traveller) believed that in England, where family ties are so strong, and where the spirit of commerce knows no bounds, the sending of letters was only limited by the cost of the post; and that if the price were reduced a great service would be rendered to society without injury to the revenue of the country. These views were passed into law, and from the date above mentioned letters were circulated over the length and breadth of the British Isles for one penny. This bold scheme soon surpassed the hopes of the legislators, for in ten years the number of letters had increased fivefold. Rowland Hill ultimately became secretary to the Postmaster-General, and aided much in perfecting the plans he had devised, and which are now adopted by every civilized country in the world.—*Chatterbox*.

DICTATION.

When the letters *c* and *g* are followed by *e*, *i*, or *y* they have almost always their name sounds, as in :—Commerce, France, receive, price, scarcely, service, reduced, circulated, incident circumstances, vicious, society, civilized, cyder, postage, gem, gin, gypsum.

QUESTIONS.

When was the postage stamp first used in London? How long was it employed in the British Isles alone? When was it adopted in France? When was it introduced into Germany? What gave rise to the idea of postage stamps? How long since did the traveller mentioned in the lesson pass through the North of England? At what door did he arrive? Who stopped there to deliver a letter? Who came out to receive it? What did she do with the letter? What was the price of the letter? From whom did the letter come? What did the girl do when she returned the letter to the postman? What did the traveller do for the girl? What did she confess when the postman had turned his back? What was the traveller's name? By what was the sending of letters only limited? When were his views passed into law? Over what are letters circulated for a penny? Whose hopes did the bold scheme surpass? How much had the letters increased in ten years? What did Rowland Hill ultimately become? In what places are the plans he devised now adopted?

LXXVI.—THE SPRING JOURNEY.

Oh green was the corn as I rode on my way,
 And bright were the dewes on the blossoms of May,
 And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
 And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
 Their chorus of rapture sung jovial and loud,
 From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground
 There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill,
 And yet though it left me all dripping and chill,
 I felt a new pleasure as onward I sped,
 To gaze where the rainbow gleamed broad overhead.

Oh such be life's journey, and such be our skill,
 To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill;
 Through sunshine and shower may our progress be even,
 And our tears add a charm to the prospect of Heaven.

Bishop Heber.

LXXVII.—THE COVETOUS PORTER PUNISHED.

Cel'-e-brate, to have rejoicings at.

Cer'-e-mony, operation.

Ex-cla'imed, cried out.

Guests, persons asked to the feast.

Hu'-mor-ist, person fond of jokes.

Mad'-caps, crazy fellows.

Man'-sion, large house.

Por'-tar, gate-keeper.

Res'-o-lute-ly, firmly.

Ven'-tured, dared.

A NOBLEMAN who lived in a fine mansion near Pisa, in Italy, was about to celebrate his marriage feast. He had obtained every kind of dainty but fish. The sea had been so stormy for some days that no boats had ventured to leave the shore. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a large turbot.

The nobleman, greatly pleased, asked him to name

any price he thought proper for the fish and it should be instantly paid.

"Well," said the fisherman, "what I wish to have as the price of my fish is, one hundred lashes on my bare back, and I will not bate one stroke on the bargain."



The nobleman and his guests were astonished at the oddity of the request, and thinking the fisherman was only in jest, he was offered a handsome sum of money, which he resolutely refused, and said they would have the fish only on the conditions he had stated.

"Well, well," said the nobleman, "the fellow is a

humorist, and the fish we must have; but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence."

After he had received fifty lashes, "Hold, hold," exclaimed the fisherman, "I have a partner in this business, and it is right that he should receive his due share."

"What!" cried the nobleman, "are there two such madcaps in the world? Name him, and he shall be sent for instantly."

"You need not go far for him," said the fisherman; "you will find him at your gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in until I had promised that he should have the half of whatever I received for my turbot."

"Oh! oh!" said the nobleman, "bring him up then, and he shall receive the other fifty lashes with the strictest justice."

This ceremony being finished, he dismissed the porter from his service and amply rewarded the fisherman.

DICTATION.

When *c* and *g* are followed by *a*, *o*, *u*, and any consonant except *h*, which generally softens *c* and renders *g* silent, they have almost always their hard or shut sounds, as in:—Bargains, guest, conditions, exclaimed, cried, madcap, go, gate, strictest; which, such, much, each, beech, bright, flight, tight.

QUESTIONS.

<p>Where did the nobleman live? Where is Pisa? What was the nobleman about to celebrate? What kind of food had he not obtained? What prevented them from having fish? What was the name of the fish which the poor fisherman brought on the very morning of the feast? What did the nobleman ask him to name? What did the fisherman ask? At what were the nobleman and his guests astonished? Thinking the fisherman was in jest, what was he</p>	<p>offered? Did he accept or refuse what was offered? Where did the nobleman say the price was to be paid? When the fisherman had received fifty lashes what did he say? Who did he say was his partner in this business? What had the porter made the fisherman promise? What did the nobleman say the porter should receive? When the porter had got his fifty lashes what did the nobleman do to the porter? What did he do to the fisherman?</p>
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LXXVIII.—HONEST POVERTY.

[In Scotland the sound of *l* is silent in such words as *all*, *ball*, *call*, *fall*, &c. Unless the Scotch spelling of words that are as much English as Scotch be modernised, some of the finest lyrics that ever flowed from the pen of poet, ancient or modern, will become obsolete to English readers. The Scotch and English languages are essentially the same in origin and grammatical construction; consequently there should be no hesitation in doing for Burns, Ramsay, Tannahill, &c., what has been done for Shakespere and Milton. If these grand old English poets had been left in their original uncouth spelling, they would have been nearly as much unknown in our day as Chaucer and Spencer.]

BLUSH not for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head and all that;
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 And dare be poor for all that.
 For all that, and all that,
 Our toils obscure and all that;
 The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
 The man's the gold for all that.

What though on homely fare we dine,
 Wear coarsest garb and all that;
 Give fools their silks and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for all that.
 For all that, and all that,
 Their tinsel-show, and all that;
 The honest man, though e'er so poor,
 Is king of men for all that.

You see yon upstart called a lord,
 Who struts and stares and all that;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a man for all that.
 For all that and all that,
 His ribbon, star, and all that;
 The man of independent mind
He looks and laughs at all that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and all that ;
 But an honest man's above his might,
 Though sceptred, crowned, and all that.
 For all that and all that,
 Their dignities and all that ;
 The pith of sense and pride of worth
 Are higher ranks than all that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for all that,
 That sense and worth o'er all the earth,
 May bear the palm, and all that.
 For all that, and all that,
 'Tis coming yet for all that,
 That man to man the world o'er
 Shall brothers be, and all that.

Burns (slightly altered).

LXXIX.—A WHALE HUNT.

Blub'-ber, oily fat of the whale.	Flu'kes, tails.
Buo'ys, floats.	Grad'-u-al-ly, by degrees.
Car'-cass, dead body.	Har'-poon', barbed spear.
Fa'-roe, islands in the Arctic Ocean.	Mê-lée, confused battle.
Em-ba'yed, land-locked.	Mis'-siles, things thrown by hand.
Ex-haust'-ed, got to the end of.	Lys'-sel-mand, sheriff of Faroe.
Flinch'-ing-knife, long knife.	

ONE morning, just as we are beginning to think that we have seen all the curiosities of Faroe, and exhausted everything except the kindness of the people, we hear, even while we are dressing, a great bustle both in and out of the house.

"Will you never come down?" cries the *Lyssel-mand*; "here are two hundred whales embayed in

a firth, some thirty miles off. We are all going, and of course you will go too."

In three hours we reach West Manna Haven, and the whole fleet cheer and shout as they catch sight of the whales. At a distance they look like a bar of great buoys or floats bobbing up and down, as ever and anon they pop up their black, blunt heads to blow and breathe. A line of boats behind them keeps their noses up the firth, and hinders them from turning, and so they are slowly driven up towards the head of the haven. Whenever they try to turn they are frightened back by showers of stones, and by harpoons thrown out on the water and drawn back with a line.

Now the hour of action draws nigh. A double row of boats, amounting to more than a hundred, form a curved line right across the firth, and hem the whales in. Again fresh showers of stones are added to the missiles hurled against them to keep them straight. Now is the turning point of the day, lest the whales, scared by the boats which go in to attack them, should turn flukes, and rush in a body out to sea.

At first we row carefully so that we may not head the whales, rather keeping between them and the ring of boats, from which frequent showers of stones are still hurled. The first blow had been struck before we came up, but we were soon in the midst of the *mêlée*. The sea became white with *foam*, as the whales, now scared and diving on all *sides*, but still keeping up the firth, lash the water *with fin and tail*.

A big fellow rises close to us. In an instant our chief has struck him with a harpoon, others grapple him with boat-hooks, and the man nearest his throat draws his long flinching-knife, and plunges it into the blubber, which gives a strange crisp sound as the blade is buried in it up to the hilt. We are close to the poor creature's head, and it turns up its meek eyes in a way to rouse pity in any tender heart. But save our friend's and our own, there are no hearts in that boat to be troubled with the mute appeal of a whale's eye.

Baring his arm to the shoulder, the Lysselmand scores the creature's throat in long gashes. Torrents of blood follow, and the crisp white coat of blubber, which when cut looks more like a water-melon than animal flesh, is soon pierced through. In a trice its throat is cut. Its frantic efforts to escape, during which it hurries us along with it fast, grappled to its side, gradually cease. It turns a little on its side, gives a fling with its tail, and dies. After death the carcass must still be held, as it would sink as soon as the breath was out. It is therefore either buoyed and turned adrift, or handed over to some non-fighting boat to tow ashore. While this has been passing on board our boat, the same thing has been going on with thirty others.

—*Jest and Earnest.*

DICTATION.

Seen, scene ; hear, here ; great, grate ; to, two, too ; all, awl ;
course, coarse ; boys, buoys ; thrown, throne ; hour, our ; straight,
strait ; row, roe ; tail, tale ; heart, hart ; there, their ; baring,
bearing ; through, threw ; would, wood.

Supply the words omitted in.—The rebels. In an we will have
 is beautiful when by moon- dinner. Go down that lane.
 Mght. Did you that sound which The deer and the are standing in
 I heard up ? Put that piece a . He told a of a fox which
 of coal into the . Give books lost its in a trap. He shot the
 him, and slates . The through the . I got
 shoemaker with his sews the caps lying on the floor. After
 shoes. Cheap bread is always of a burden he began his
 . The young rowed the arms. He a stone the window.
 boat round the in the river. The I wish you give me a piece of
 king's was down by the to make a stool.

QUESTIONS.

Where is Faroe? How many whales
 were embayed in the firth? How long
 did the boats take to reach West
 Manna Haven? What did the whales
 look like at a distance? What did
 they ever and anon do? What did the
 line of boats behind the whales do?
 By what means did they frighten the
 whales? How many boats were there?
 What did the boats form? What
 caused the sea to become white with
 foam? With what did the chief strike
 the whale? What did others do to
 him? What did the man nearest his
 throat do? What were they close to?
 What did the whale turn up? In what
 way? With what were the hearts in
 the boat not to be troubled? What
 did the Lysselmand do? Who was the
 Lysselmand? What does the whale's
 blubber look like when cut? What
 was done in a trice? What gradually
 ceased? What did the whale do before
 it died? What would become of the
 carcass if it were not held after the
 breath was out? What is done with
 the carcass of the whale? How many
 fighting-boats were there at this hunt?

LXXX.—NEVER DESPAIR.

NEVER despair! when the dark cloud is lowering,
 The sun though obscure never ceases to shine,
 Above the black tempest his radiance is pouring,
 While faithless and faint-hearted mortals repine.
 The journey of life has its lights and its shadows,
 And Heaven in its wisdom sends us our own share;
 Though rough be the road, yet with reason to guide us,
 And courage to conquer, we'll never despair.

Never despair! when with troubles contending,
 Make labour and patience a sword and a shield,
 And win brighter laurels with courage unbending,
 Than ever were gained on the blood-tinted field.
 As gay as the lark in the beam of the morning,
 When young hearts spring forward to do and to dare,
 The bright star of promise their future adorning
 Will light them along, and they'll never despair.

The oak in the tempest grows strong by resistance,
The arm at the anvil gains muscular power ;
And firm self-reliance, that seeks no assistance,
Goes onward rejoicing through sunshine and shower.
For life is a struggle, to try and to prove us,
And true hearts grow stronger by labour and care,
While hope, like a seraph, still whispers above us,
Look upward and onward, and never despair.

Alexander Smart, 1798.

LXXXI.—A TRAVELLER'S RESCUE.

A TRAVELLER was crossing some mountain heights alone, over almost untrodden snow. Persons are in danger of being frozen to death when, being exposed to cold, they are overcome by the desire to sleep ; and warning had been given to the traveller that if slumber pressed down his weary eyelids on this journey, they would never again open to the light of day.

For a time he went bravely along his weary path ; but when the darkness came, and with it the freezing blast of night, a weight seemed to fall upon his brain, and he could scarcely keep himself from sinking into that sleep which he knew must be fatal. At this time of danger his foot struck a heap that lay across his path. He stopped to touch it, and found a human body half buried under the snowdrift. As soon as he discovered what it was, he used every effort to raise and restore the fallen creature against whom he had stumbled. He chafed his chest, his hands, and forehead ; he breathed upon the stiff, cold lips, the

warm breath of his living soul, pressing the silent heart to the beating pulses of his own generous bosom.



The effort to save another brought back to himself life, warmth, and energy. He felt himself become a man again, instead of a weak creature ready to sink down to sleep and die. He saved his brother, and was saved himself. If thou findest a brother in peril, try to do likewise, and the Giver of all Life shall give thee strength.—*English Hearts and English Hands.*

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